Week ending June 20 1953 *Every Wednesday Fourpence*

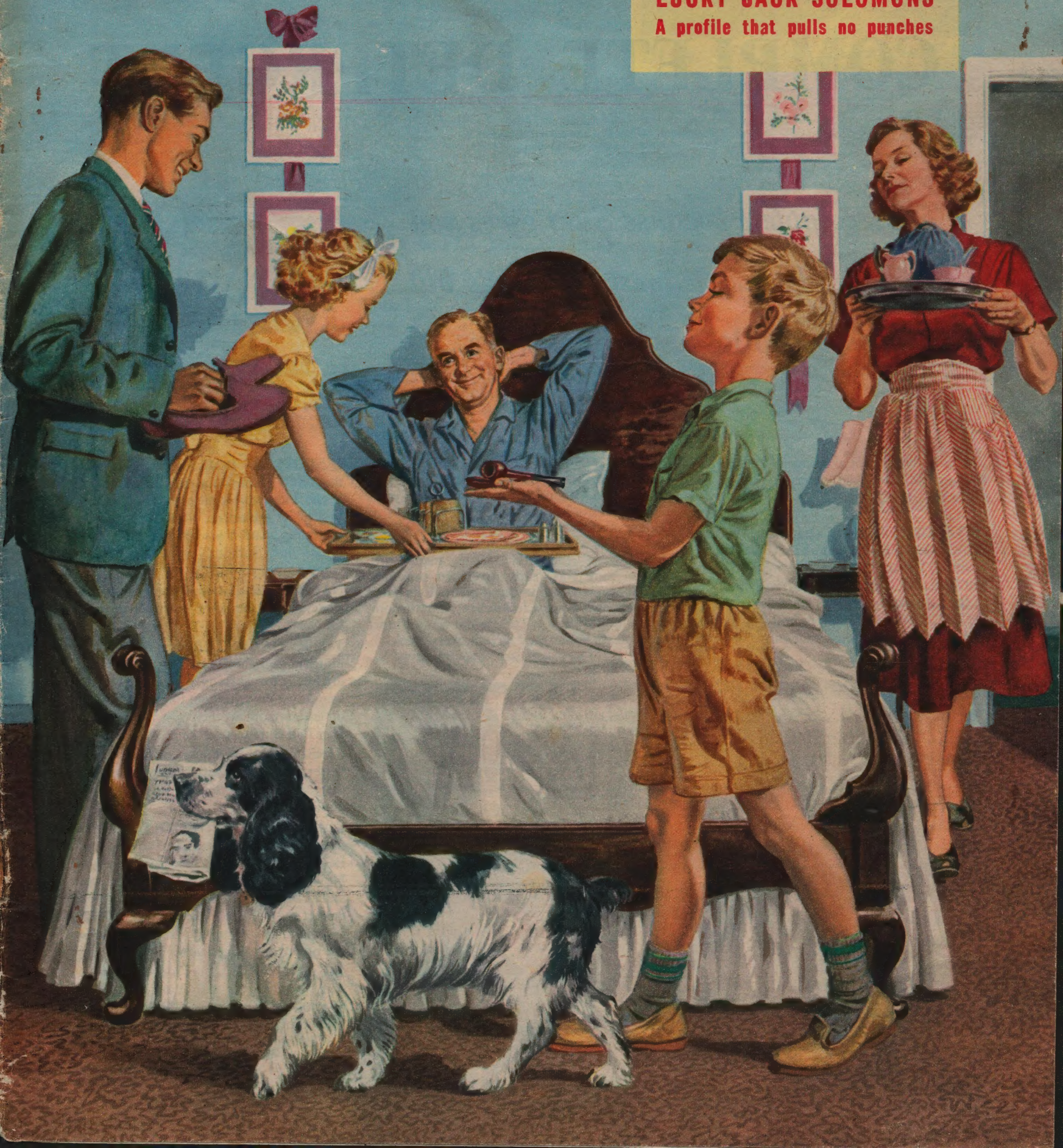
JOHN BULL

Complete in this issue: a new story by

VICTOR CANNING

LUCKY JACK SOLOMONS

A profile that pulls no punches



LEVERS 5-YEAR RESEARCH PUTS INTO YOUR HANDS

THE WORLD'S MOST COMPLETE DETERGENT

...complete because Surf gives you not only the cleanest coloureds but also a* spotless boil *for whites

If you've been kept waiting for Surf—it's because the complete detergent took time to make.

DETERGENTS? That's what housewives call the wonderful new powders that give such a beautiful lather. The ones that make the dirt roll out. But before Surf arrived not one of the new detergents was specially made for the boil. Surf does a bumper boil—a spotless boil. See how the stains come out.

HOUSEWIVES HELPED TO MAKE SURF COMPLETE. Most scientists are men. Clever—but men. So, during the five years Levers scientists worked on Surf, groups of housewives were busy telling them what's wanted on washday. "And make sure it gets stains out!" they added. They made sure. When Surf was ready, over ten thousand women were asked to put it through its paces in their own homes. In kitchen, in bathroom, wash, boil—the lot. They said it was a winner and please could they have it every week.

A SPOTLESS BOIL. It's wonderful news, that: Surf gives you a really spotless boil. So if the kids have spattered gravy over your best white tablecloth—get Surf bubbling in the boiler. And if tea spills on your flowered dress—into Surf suds with it. The stains will come out, never fear.

NAPPIES? If a million happy babies could write there'd be some splendid testimonials for Surf.

YOUR HANDS? Remember what our mothers said about rainwater—there's nothing like it for washing. Surf makes water soft as rain. At Port Sunlight there are any number of letters from women saying how pleasant they find Surf to use.

RINSING? You know perfectly well it's better to finish up with clear water than with dirty. Clothes are that much fresher after a good rinse.

SORRY ABOUT THE DELAY. At first there just wasn't enough Surf to go round. So Levers put a lot more people to work on it. Now, wherever you live, you'll see the blue and yellow packet in your shop. The Family packet costs 1/11d. The Handy packet only 1/-. Actually—you need less of Surf than of the powders you use now.

YOU AND SURF. Surf is the best washday friend you've ever had. Your white boil will be spotless. Your coloureds will be spotless. Everything you wash will be spotless because Surf is the complete detergent—complete!

A *LEVER* PRODUCT

SUR 21-53E

EDITORIAL

Water cargo

THROUGH the green fields of England flows what could be one of our greatest national assets—the canal system which once carried all the heavy industrial traffic of this island.

But frogs and water-lilies thrive where there should be the bustle of continual traffic between the industrial centres and the ports.

Weed-choked, with crumbling banks, hundreds of miles of our canals are neglected and falling into disuse.

"IF more waterways are abandoned," says Mr. Robert Aickman, vice-president of the Inland Waterways Association, "the system which extends from London to Kendal and from Bristol to Ripon will cease to exist as such. That would be a national disaster."

MR. AICKMAN
"A national disaster"

Canals seem to be a slow means of transport. Yet, according to the Association, a railway wagon averages only three miles an hour over the year, while a canal-boat averages about four knots, which is almost half as much again.

The big oil companies operating the twelve refineries built since the war realize that canals are not only relatively fast, but are a cheap form of transport as well. They are building tanker-barges, and more than two million tons of oil now travel across Britain by water in a year.

POWER station and gaswork coal is still the main cargo. The Ferrybridge power station, near Leeds, uses 440,000 tons of waterborne coal a year. About six million tons of coal are carried every year—half of the total canal cargo. A tenth of the craft are "compartments," square floating coal containers which are made up into water-trains and towed by power barges.

Yet the 3,100 big barges and 3,200 "narrow boats" are becoming fewer, and the canal system is falling into neglect. Of the 2,000 miles of waterways, the 1,766 still open to traffic are to be cut down to 1,400 by the Docks and Inland Waterways Executive.

WHILE some of the links are no longer useful for major traffic, that is no reason for letting them rot. Canals make fine pleasure and holiday places.

And if the price of one battleship were spent on dredging, mending locks, cutting weeds, reinforcing banks and restoring water supplies, a mighty and prosperous inland fleet could sail daily across England.

The overburdened trains and lorries would be relieved and the price of transport—and goods—could come down.

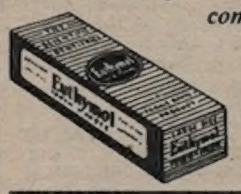
THIS WEEK'S COVER

CHARLES WOOD hopes that when his family see themselves in his cover painting of Father's Day—this year it falls on June 20—they will think up some pleasant surprise for him. The mother in the rear of the procession is his wife, Pat, who designed the Woods' bedroom shown in the picture. The two boys are their sons. Father is a friend from Alfriston, Sussex, where Wood lives, and the girl is the small daughter of a local bus conductor.

still more people are using

Euthymol
TOOTHPASTE

Why? Because Euthymol cleans your teeth, protects, your gums, destroys bacteria that cause decay and mouth odours, keeps your whole mouth fresh and healthy. In two words, Euthymol is the *complete toothpaste*. Ask your Chemist's opinion of Euthymol

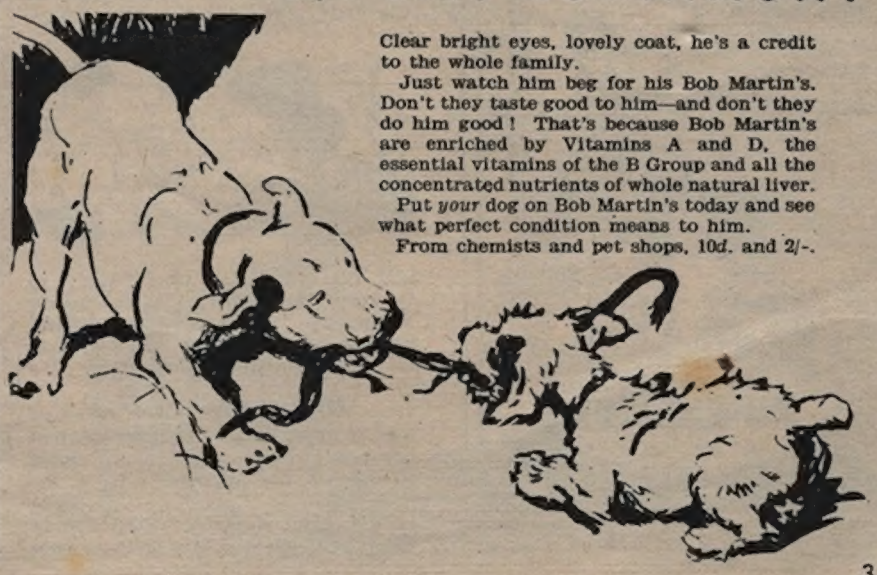


for **REAL** mouth Freshness

Standard size 1/8 DOUBLE size 2/7½

... that's

Bob Martin condition!



Clear bright eyes, lovely coat, he's a credit to the whole family.

Just watch him beg for his Bob Martin's. Don't they taste good to him—and don't they do him good! That's because Bob Martin's are enriched by Vitamins A and D, the essential vitamins of the B Group and all the concentrated nutrients of whole natural liver.

Put *your* dog on Bob Martin's today and see what perfect condition means to him.

From chemists and pet shops, 10*d*. and 2/-.

Three million people have proved you can take

AMPLEX
CHLOROPHYLL TABLETS

and be sure

of breath and body freshness!

3,000,000 men and women *have proved* that Amplex give you real protection against breath and body odours—at work or play. Amplex are the only tablets containing Gordon Young U.V. Activated Chlorophyll, the most effective chlorophyll of all. Amplex tablets remove odours from within, in the surest, safest and most harmless way. Get Amplex Chlorophyll Tablets from any Chemist and see for yourself today.

Price 6d., 1/8 & 5/- from all Chemists.

There's never been a soap like WRIGHT'S!

REFRESHES AFTER WORK, SPORT AND TRAVEL

Bath size tablet now available again.

Nu-enamelling is quick— easy and economical

IF UNOBTAINABLE WRITE TO: NU-ENAMEL, SLOUGH, BUCKS

FREE SPEECH

Watchful eye on council spending

AS A COUNCILLOR, I am used to having my leg pulled about helping to spend the ratepayers' money. The other day, one of my more serious critics renewed his attack. "There's hardly any check on the money you people spend," he said. "By the time the elections come round, the money's gone. The only thing left is to put up the rates."

But I was able to confound him. "Look at this newspaper cutting," I said. "The district auditor has decided that the members of a county council must share the cost of a project between themselves, because he feels that it cannot fairly go on the rates." I explained that the auditor is a government official who watches council spending like a hawk. My friend was astonished that these accounts were subject to such scrutiny, and resolved to weigh his criticism more carefully in future.—A. S., Middlesex.

All councils, except boroughs, must send their accounts to the district auditor each year—and any ratepayer can query the accounts with him. The auditor may disallow illegal items, and require councillors to meet the cost themselves.

Complete Cure

COMMENTING on a recent letter in "Free Speech," a doctor said that bee stings give temporary relief from rheumatism. For a year before August, 1945, I could hardly dress unaided because of rheumatism. Then I accidentally disturbed a beehive, and was well and truly stung. Next day, I found myself free from rheumatics, and have never felt a twinge since.—RAYMOND JONES, Hassop, Bakewell, Derbyshire.

. . . My mother, who suffered from rheumatism, was stung so badly that she had to stay in bed for a week. From that day she never had rheumatism again.—MRS. JOHN PLATER, Wimbleshurst Farm, Horsham, Sussex.

In The News

BEING in business, my husband and I have very little time for reading, but we like to keep abreast of the news. Whoever has time to look at the daily paper takes a blue pencil,

and marks all the items likely to interest the other. After nearly twenty-five years of married life, we know which these are. — MRS. H. W., Grantham, Lincolnshire.

Dicky The Eldest

YOUR article on Richard Attenborough (JOHN BULL, May 9), states that he is the youngest son of the principal of Leicester University College. But Richard is the eldest of three brothers—the two younger ones being David and John, with whom I used to walk to school. — MRS. G. HOOD (née Irene Dunkley), Leicester Road, Thurcaston, Leicestershire.

While his younger brothers were at school with Mrs. Hood, Richard attended Wyggeston Grammar School. He failed all his exams, to his father's annoyance, but excelled in school dramatics. In the end, his father gave him the chance he wanted—and in 1941 he was first in the Leverhulme Scholarship for entry into the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. This began his stage and screen career.

Housing Drive

I SAVE every piece of string and wool, unravelling it into short lengths. When the birds begin to nest, I put a handful out daily, and in five minutes it has all gone. — MISS M. NEALE, Ash Tree Way, Croydon, Surrey.

Age Limit

AT several point-to-point race meetings this spring, I queued up at the tote behind children of school age. They cheerfully placed their bets—and collected their winnings afterwards. How is it that a bookie can be heavily fined for taking bets from a schoolboy, while a child can bet through a government agency? — R. L., Devon.

The Racecourse Betting Control Board, which governs totalisator betting on horse racing, is not a government body, but a public corporation something like the B.B.C. "Tote betting is subject to the same laws as the bookie," says a board official. "No one under eighteen can use the tote."

Out Of Tune

OUR six-year-old son was very disappointed because he was left out of the school Coronation choir. The sad truth is that he sings out of tune. He longs to play the piano, but although this might make up for his lack of singing voice, would he be capable of reproducing tunes on an instrument? — MRS. L. F., Argyle Street South, Birkenhead, Cheshire.

"A very complicated problem," says an expert of the Royal College of Music. "Many considerations, including psychology, enter into it. The best thing to do is to take the child to an expert, who can examine him and test his reactions."

Homely Charm

WATCHING television the other day, I admired the charming manners of the announcers. Then I wondered if they are so pleasant to their own families. This brought me round to myself—and I realized with a shock that I am a far nicer person at business than when I am at home. From now on, I mean to show my family the charm I have been reserving for others. — MRS. A. P., Blackpool, Lancashire.

Litter Lessons

OUR teacher has a friend who has just returned from holiday in Germany. While walking through a town there, he threw away an empty

cigarette packet. He was walking on when somebody tapped him on the shoulder. It was a German policeman, who conducted him back to the packet. "Have you no more use for this?" asked the policeman. "If not, neither have we." The visitor had to put the packet into a litter bin. — KATHLEEN CUNNIFFE, Stop and Call, Goodwick, Pembrokeshire.

Escape By Night

ELIOT Reed's serial "The Maras Affair" was remarkable for its detail and accuracy. In 1948, I escaped from Czechoslovakia with the help of a guide. I had to pay in advance, and could take only a small case as luggage. We left a village near the border after dark, and began an exhausting journey through forests. About half a mile from the border, the guide had to leave me and, wet and dirty, I had to carry on alone. —MRS. G. R. E., London, S.E.9.

Royal Resemblance

I SUGGEST that the left-hand picture at the head of your Editorial on "Two Elizabeths" (JOHN BULL, May 30) is of Mary Tudor, and not of Elizabeth I, as you state. The enclosed picture of Mary will prove my

Mary Tudor *Elizabeth I*

point. — ELIZABETH CLOUSTON, Manor Park Road, West Wickham, Kent.

John Bull's picture of Elizabeth was authentic, but Miss Clouston's picture of Mary Tudor (left, above) shows a striking resemblance. Both were painted from life. The portrait of Mary is in the National Portrait Gallery; the painting of Elizabeth is part of the Royal collection.

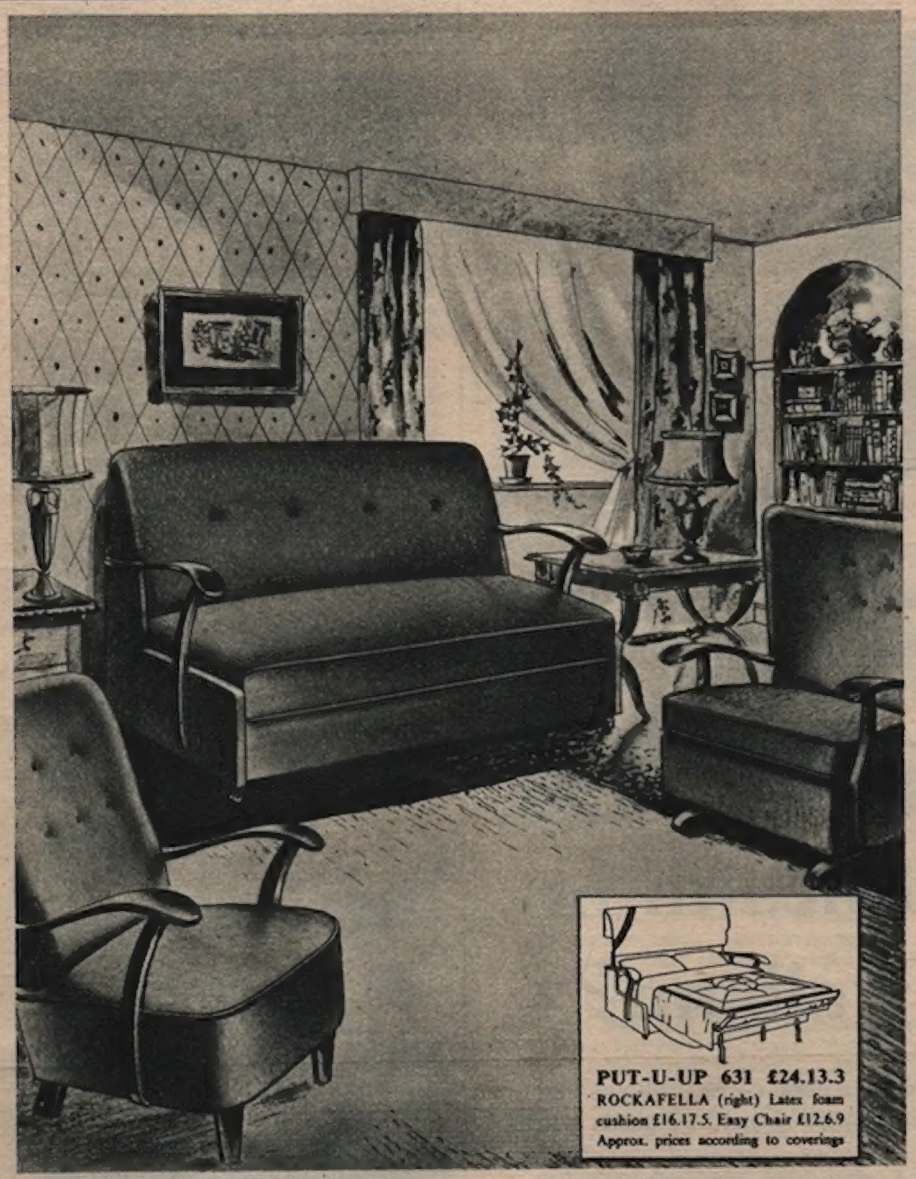
IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

CAROLE CARR

The girl behind the glamour

by JOHN HARMAN

Letters intended for publication should be as brief as possible and include the sender's full name and address. John Bull pays a guinea for every letter printed. Readers with personal problems should send inquiries (other than medical) to John Bull Free Advice Service with a stamped addressed envelope for reply.



How to plan a lovely home in one or two rooms

The new Put-u-up Suites have simply revolutionised home furnishing. You really can furnish one room just like a living room — and yet enjoy the comfort of a normal double bed at night. Or you can furnish two rooms so that you'll always be able to sleep friends in your handsomely furnished living room. For each Put-u-up settee (there's a wide range of styles and prices) contains a full-size double bed with rock-rigid frame, modern spring mattress and comfortable overlay mattress. Bedclothes can be made up inside the Put-u-up all ready for bedtime. But no one would guess that the handsome settee actually conceals a double bed!

Plan your home around one of these wonderful Put-u-up Suites. But remember — look for the Blue Ribbon on the settee back — your guarantee of a genuine Put-u-up with time-tested mechanism and all the modern improvements.

Ask to see a genuine

PUT·U·UP

REG'D. TRADE MARK

at your furnishers

VISIT THE PUT-U-UP SHOWROOMS:

3 PRINCES ST., REGENT ST., W.1

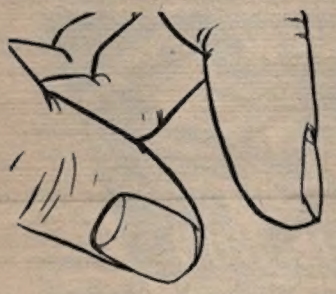
WOLFENDEN ST., BOLTON

WHY NOT POST COUPON TODAY?

for details of large range of Put-u-up settee-beds and matching chairs to manufacturers GREAVES & THOMAS LTD., Dept. JB 31, Clapton, E.5

Name

Address



"Thanks I will . . .

Give me WILLS'S WHIFFS any day!"

There's no query here about the quality. These grand little luxury cigars are really good . . . made from good leaf, well blended — to give at least 25 minutes of satisfying smoking.

3 for 1/10d. 6 for 3/7½d.

The little cigar with the BIG reputation

W. D. & H. O. Wills, Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd. WW31A

. . . say **Bulmer's for cider**

Superior quality . . .
Perfect blending . . .
Real value . . . make BULMER'S the most popular cider of all.

H. P. BULMER & CO. LTD., HEREFORD

Who put the picture of health in this family album?

When Dad gets overheated he knows what makes the best refresher — a nice glass of Andrews, cool and sparkling.

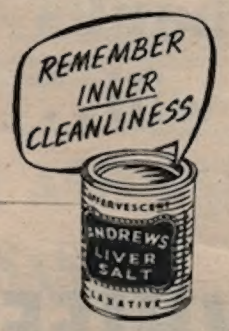
It was Mother who first brought Andrews home to the family. So naturally she knows where to turn whenever she's off-colour.

NATURE SMILED ON SHEILA. Gave her a good constitution as well as good looks. But the soundest system sometimes needs a little help — and Sheila gets it from Andrews. Mother wouldn't be without a tin of Andrews in the house, especially at this time of year.

When anyone shows signs of being under the weather Mother has a glass of sparkling, cooling, Andrews ready. She says it's no use taking chances with something as important as your health.

Andrews is a cooling, refreshing, pleasant-tasting drink with a gentle laxative action. Andrews acts on your behalf four ways. Settles the stomach. Freshens the mouth. Tones up the liver. Reminds the system to be regular.

The benefits of Andrews are worth a lot to you and your family.



ANDREWS LIVER SALT

¼ lb. tin 1/8d · ½ lb. tin 2/7d

G63/g3/53

Beware of NERVOUS INDIGESTION

When your stomach is out of order, be quite sure of the cause before you start taking remedies. Work and worry often cause a lot of nervous indigestion, and the only way to end this is to rebuild and restore your nerves.

Unless your diet contains enough Vitamin B your digestion will suffer; you will become headachy, irritable, sleep badly, and show all the signs of a nervous collapse.

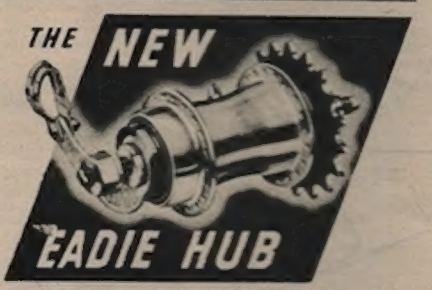
Make sure you get enough Vitamin B. Take Phillips Tonic Yeast tablets with your meals. Yeast is the richest natural source of all the B vitamins and Phillips Tonic Yeast is pure yeast in concentrated form.

Start taking Phillips Tonic Yeast to-day. You will sleep better, be less easily upset, less worried and depressed, and your digestion will improve. But be sure to ask for 'Phillips' Tonic Yeast. It is the finest yeast with all its cells intact and without any drugs or harmful ingredients. At all chemists, 1/6, 3/6 and 5/9.

The Improved MOLE Self-Grip WRENCH

Whenever you must "come to grips" with a job in the home, use this versatile tool. It locks with tremendous power, leaving both hands free—flick the release lever and it's off. Also serves as a vice, clamp, super-pliers and many other uses. From Ironmongers, Garages, Motor or M/Cycle Accessory Dealers.
7 in. 12/6 : 10 in., 15/-.
If any difficulty, write to:

M·MOLE & SON·LTD·BIRMINGHAM·3



gives **MORE POWERFUL BRAKING** for bicycles and motorised bicycles.

Just a slight backward pressure on the pedals applies the powerful, progressive braking action of the new 'EADIE' Hub. You need this extra safety on your bicycle, or power-assisted bicycle.

A BSA Product

CYCLISTS! Cycling is easier and far more enjoyable with a B.S.A. 3-speed Hub. Fit one to your machine. Send a postcard for full details to B.S.A. Cycles Ltd., 74H Armoury Rd., Birmingham, 11

Wearra SUPER SANDALS

Slim
Medium
Broad

No. 2985
With leather sole and heel
No. 3185
With crepe sole and heel
From 45/9

For Health and Comfort combined with elegance of style there can be nothing to excel these Sandals. They will be found ideal for warmer days and holidays.

Master Shoemaker and Originator of the Wearra Fitting System.

For name of nearest retailer send p.c. to Makers: WEARRA SHOES LTD., Irthlingborough, Northants

He'll be charmed by your *Silken Sheen!*

YOUR EYES sparkling with excitement, your softly shining hair — these are the things which make you so dear to him. You can give your hair a gleam like silk in candlelight — richly, smoothly radiant — if you use 'Vaseline' Brand Soapless Shampoo! It makes your hair clean — gives it silken sheen! Can't dry your hair out. Buy a packet today!

Vaseline* SOAPLESS SHAMPOO

Makes your hair clean —gives it silken sheen

NOW 4½D

* "Vaseline" is the registered trade mark of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co. Ltd.

1946-12FF

THE KEY

by ***VICTOR CANNING***

ILLUSTRATED BY CRITCHLOW

It lay out of reach. Unless he could get it, he knew he would be tortured to death

IT WAS A FILTHY VILLAGE. The heavy, windless heat held fast all the odours in the straggling main street; the smells of poverty and despair. The village had a bad record. Captain Sistrovic knew that only too well. He was not surprised that everyone except the old garage man kept out of sight. What was the old fool doing? He banged and shuffled about with his cans as he filled the car with petrol, and disappeared for minutes into the black mouth of the decrepit shack he called a garage.

"Where's he going now, Arto?" Captain Sistrovic shouted angrily from the car to his driver, who was standing by the garage door smoking.

"We have over eighty miles to go, Captain. We need more than ten litres of petrol."

"Hurry him. If I don't get there tonight my head will explode!" The pain in his face made him angry and impatient.

The prisoner at his side laughed gently, a contemptuous, galling laugh. He turned on him viciously.

"When we do arrive, Dorac, there will be ways to squeeze the laughter out of you for good!"

Jan Dorac made no answer. He sat beside the captain in the back of the open car, his wrists in handcuffs, his thin body relaxed and the intelligent face, despite its weary lines, apparently unconcerned. To Sistrovic his expression was infuriating. The captain smacked him across the cheek, and the blow momentarily eased the pain in his own puffed face.

Jan slid a little sideways under the blow. Then he straightened up. He said nothing. But he was thinking. Fifteen years ago he had been at the same university with Sistrovic. The man had been a bully and a swaggerer then; a big, blond animal with a coarse, handsome face, so sure of himself, so thrusting. . . . It was no surprise to Jan that he had finished up in the People's Police. And he was sure that it had been no surprise to Sistrovic that *he* had finished up in the other camp. And now? The fighting, the days of resistance, the nights of strain and planning, were they over? Would there be no escape except the dark, eternal release through suffering and torture?

As the car drove off, Jan saw the old garage

The pain spread across his back like the grasp of a great hand slowly tearing at his muscles. He looked down again at the key. *He must get it*

Jan grabbed the gun and pointed it at Sistrovic. Now the moment had come, he could feel no pity for this merciless man. He had to be killed

man watching them. The man knew him. Everyone in this district knew Doctor Jan Dorac. For a moment there was a slight movement of the man's arm, a timid gesture, a greeting—or a farewell?

Sistrovic sat beside him, grunting occasionally at the pain he was suffering from an abscess under one of his teeth, and smoking constantly. The road was a hot, white ribbon between the endless pine forests, the air a furnace blast that whipped back into their faces.

They sat in silence, but very much aware of each other. Sistrovic knew it was going to mean promotion for him. Jan Dorac was a big name. His capture was a triumph. This day would have been perfect for him—if only he could have forgotten this damned, infernal tooth whose pain had swollen his gum and cheek, probing his nerves like a hundred knives.

THEY had been going about an hour when the engine began to splutter and finally died. Arto, slow, stupid, a peasant in uniform, got out and tinkered with the engine.

"What is it? What is it?" Pain increased Sistrovic's impatience.

Arto came back to him. "It is water, comrade captain. Water in the petrol—from the last garage."

"That swine!"

Sistrovic heard the light laugh from beside him. He swung round to Jan. "Don't think this will help."

Jan spoke. "It may, Sistrovic. I still have friends, you see. And now I have a little more time, perhaps."

"Call me Captain Sistrovic, you dirty traitor!" The great hand, flat and powerful, caught the side of Jan's face and drove him backwards, forcing a gasp of shocked breath from him.

Jan sat up slowly. His eyes were cold, hating this man.

"Sistrovic," he said, slowly and deliberately. "Big, bullying Sistrovic, a pig in uniform."

For a moment Sistrovic would have hit him again. Then, with a laugh, he got out of the car. Over his shoulder he said: "Get out, Dorac. And remember—when we get to headquarters I will take my time in teaching you how unwise it is to insult me."

Like a naked thigh, a smooth sweep of hillside curved down to the road between the pine forests. Halfway up the slope was a small timber-framed house. A row of short poles ran away from it into the forest and from the top of each pole came the gleam of white insulators.

"Up there. We can telephone for another car."

Sistrovic drew his revolver, ordered Arto to do the same and, with Jan between them, they began to climb towards the hut.

Sistrovic's behaviour when he reached the hut was characteristic. He kicked the door open and walked in. Jan followed with Arto behind him. It was hot, stuffy and gloomy within.

They were in a large room at one end of which was a fireplace. On the far side of the room was a half-open door through which Jan had a glimpse of a wide, unmade bed. The whole place smelt of the poverty and the struggle for life among which he had passed so many years.

Standing by the fireplace was a young woman. She turned and looked at the intruders. There was a bold, statuesque slatternliness about her. Broad-shouldered, full-breasted, her dark hair trailing untidily across one brown cheek, she had a rich, coarse beauty.

"Your name?" Sistrovic's voice was like a handful of pebbles dashed at a window.

"Brijida Cernov." There was no fear in her voice, only a sullen indifference.

"The telephone?"

She nodded to the window. The instrument stood on the sill. As Sistrovic walked towards it, she said: "It has not worked for two years. The wires have been stolen from the poles in the forest."

Sistrovic swore violently. He swung back to the woman. "The nearest place I can get a car?"

"Sheltana. Thirty miles away."

"There is someone I can send?"

She shook her head.

"You have no husband, no brother?"

"My husband is a forester. He has gone away."

Sistrovic swore again, and then turned to Arto. "You must go. If you hurry you can be back by morning."

SISTROVIC motioned Jan to move towards the window. While Arto covered them with his revolver, the captain unlocked the steel cuff from Jan's right hand and snapped it about a stout wooden support that formed part of the wall. Held by his left hand still, Jan could just see out of the window.

The girl came forward curiously. "Who is he?"

Sistrovic eyed her suspiciously. "Dorac," he said. "Jan Dorac. You have never heard of him?"

The effect on the girl was startling. For a moment she stared at Jan, then her face twisted into an ugly grimace and she spat towards him angrily.

"His kind! They should all be dead!"

Sistrovic laughed. "He will soon be dead." Then he stepped forward and gripped Brijida's arm, his fingers biting into it. "But you keep away from him. I trust no one. Come within six feet of him and I will shoot without questioning."

She laughed and her body moved, brushing against Sistrovic's. For the first time the hardness went from her eyes.

"You do not have to warn me, comrade captain. Give me your revolver and I would shoot him myself, now!"

He pushed her away. "I believe you would, too."

She rubbed her arm where Sistrovic's fingers had held her. Then she went outside. Jan, through the window, saw her move to the edge of the wood and begin to feed a few scraggy hens that came at her call. Sistrovic gave Arto his final orders and followed the man outside to see him on his way.

JAN was left alone. He strained against the pole to which he was locked but he knew at once he could never break free.

Through the window, he saw Sistrovic stroll across to Brijida. He talked to her for a moment, then reached out and pulled her to him. Jan saw the compliance, almost eagerness, with which the woman allowed herself to be embraced. It was just his luck that she should be one of the wrong sort.

When darkness came, Brijida prepared a rough meal. The only light in the place came from a candle placed on a small table close to the fireside. Covering him with his revolver, Sistrovic handed Jan a bowl of thin soup.

The night brought no abatement of the heat. It pressed down like a weight. Through the window Jan could see the stars over the fir crests smudged by the mist awakened by the day's heat.

The hot soup aggravated the pain in Sistrovic's jaw. He sat at the open door, smoking and cursing. The pain was a small, throbbing hell in his head.

Jan watched him. He was a doctor. He

Continued on page 37

Mr. Eric is always expecting Royalty to call

by NORMAN PHILLIPS

At Asprey's famous Bond Street shop, luxury is kept alive by a combination of old world grace and new world wealth

IN 1901, AS ALWAYS HAPPENS after the accession of a new monarch, the royal cipher on the pillar-boxes had to be changed, and the Postmaster-General was trying hard to find a design that would win the approval of King Edward VII. While the minister pondered this problem, a small package from Buckingham Palace arrived on his desk. He tore off the wrappings, opened a purple box and stared at a gleaming gold cigarette case bearing the initials E VII R.

Accompanying the case was a note from the sovereign. "This is how the cipher should be," it stated. "Just copy the monogram designed by Asprey's."

The fact that a king should adopt an Asprey creation as a model is not regarded as surprising by Eric Asprey, the managing director of the family's elegant jewellery shop in New Bond Street. King Edward VII was a client from 1863 and, since it was founded more than one hundred years ago, the firm has maintained a formal and conservative refinement befitting the holder of every Royal warrant since the reign of Queen Victoria.

Most of Queen Victoria's descendants have carried with them on their travels one or more of the luxuriously fitted dressing cases designed and made by Asprey's. Many, like Edward VII, have used an Asprey gold cigarette case that may have taken craftsmen as long as a week to make. The firm has sold £800,000 worth of one model alone.

Treasure Worth £500,000

On the shelves and in the strongroom of Asprey's are at least half a million pounds worth of goods ranging from an expanding champagne cork at 7s. 6d. to a forty-seven piece gold service that bears a price tag reading £50,000. The Coronation Year Gold Plate is the name given this resplendent service by Mr. Eric. He is referred to by his first name to distinguish him from his brother Philip, who is the firm's chairman, and from their two nephews Algernon and Harry, who are the sixth generation of Aspreys to do business in Bond Street since 1841.

Mr. Eric has been with the firm for twenty-seven years, starting in the stockrooms and gradually mastering the nineteen different departments. To uphold the tradition that members of the family should maintain a direct and personal interest in their clients, he is still occasionally found behind the counter. Each member of the male staff is supplied with a black jacket and striped trousers, and any customer who finds himself being waited on by a tall, sandy-haired man in a grey lounge suit may reasonably assume that he is dealing with the managing director.

A Gamble For Posterity

Asprey's traditional business methods contrast with the gamble that the firm has taken in creating the Coronation Year Gold Plate. "We wanted to hand to posterity," says Mr. Eric, "an example of the superb craftsmanship and design prevailing in Britain in 1953." The cost of his faith in British craftsmanship includes the price of 850 ounces of eighteen-carat gold, plus the services of the men who for the past year have been designing and creating the set.

This faith in craftsmanship is essential in a business in which it is difficult to estimate demand. The manufacturer of pots and pans can calculate how many items he can sell in a given period, but Mr. Eric can never be sure when he will be visited by a client who wants a two thousand year old Roman ruby ring, a £3,000 diamond or a £75 ivory-handled set of carpenter's tools. Asprey's has each of these items in stock, and Mr. Eric is sure that their quality will sooner or later persuade a wealthy customer to buy them.

Quality merchandise has brought to the black and white fronted shop in New Bond Street a clientèle distinguished by old world royalty and

Eric Asprey shows the Coronation Year Gold Plate. It contains 850 ounces of gold. Price: £50,000

In Asprey's jewellery department, Arthur Hardwick explains the value of a £2,000 diamond clip

new world wealth. The late Queen Mary would drop in to examine lovingly the Asprey collection of miniatures and antique boxes. The Duke of Windsor, when he was Prince of Wales, would dash in, hatless, to purchase a gift. The Queen Mother and Princess Margaret sometimes drop in quietly, accompanied only by a detective.

Empress Eugenie of France caused more fuss. Whenever she visited Asprey's, her lady-in-waiting shooed everyone else—staff and customers—away with her umbrella. Only the Asprey who was serving her was allowed to approach.

J. Pierpont Morgan, the American financier, visited Asprey's as often as he came to Britain, and Mr. Eric recalls how Morgan fancied a certain style of dressing case, and on succeeding visits repeated orders for this model. Each time he specified delivery within three days. It did not take the firm long to realize that it would be worth while to keep a J. P. Morgan style case in stock, waiting for the financier to drop in.

"Everything Will Be Done"

"I want one of my cases," Morgan would announce. "And I must have it within three days' time." One of the Asprey family would then assure him that everything would be done to complete the order; the waiting case would be taken down and polished, and three days later delivered to Morgan's hotel. Then the workshops would start to make another.

Some customers, like the Khedive of Egypt, who wanted a diamond encrusted dressing case, have to wait longer for special commissions. The Khedive's order was for a bag set that consisted of a leather bag, with a top of gold and enamel bearing a monogram picked out in diamonds.

When Edna May, the original Belle of New York, ordered her Asprey dressing case, she would have no glassware inside. The bottles with which her case was fitted were of solid gold.

Sometimes silver fittings are requested. An Indian prince asked for five travelling toilet cases for his wives; he wanted four to be made with silver fittings and the fifth—for his favourite wife—to have gold mountings. Teak was used for the outside of the cases, and they were designed so that they could be carried on the backs of elephants. In fact, Mr. Eric recalls, the cases were so large that elephants were almost essential. Inside there was a basin large enough for a bath, plus what Mr. Eric discreetly sums up as "everything a woman could want for her toilet."

£1,000 Worth Of Games

The prince was so pleased with these gifts that he placed a further order for six travelling games cases (one for himself and five for the wives). These sets, costing £1,000 each, contained every imaginable pastime from chess to roulette. Various pieces of equipment popped up at the touch of a knob, yet the entire case was less than two feet square and eighteen inches deep.

Asprey's started as dressing case manufacturers, and the fact that customers wanted gold or precious stone embellishments was responsible for the firm's expansion into the jewellery trade. Nowadays, Arthur James Hardwick, who is in charge of the jewellery, is accustomed to satisfying client's preferences for anything from 1/350th of a carat up to a 75-carat diamond.

The firm has been remarkably free from robberies, thanks to an efficient security system. Four night watchmen guard the premises, and they are assisted by various alarm systems. One of the few successful assaults on Asprey's was made by suffragettes about forty years ago. A group of militant women stationed themselves outside a number of Bond Street shops and at a signal produced hammers from their cloaks. Before the astonished commissionaires could act, the determined women had shattered every plate glass window within reach.

Weather, rather than suffragettes, now handicaps the work of the jewellery department, and Hardwick will go for as long as a week without buying a diamond if he cannot get the right kind of light in which to examine it. The ideal condition for judging stones consists of a bright day and a north light.

Customer's whims occasionally involve Hardwick in such delicate situations as fitting women with slender anklet chains. One husband requested a permanent anklet for his wife, and Hardwick fitted an ordinary jewellery catch from which the release lever was removed. In case the woman ever changed her mind and wanted the anklet removed, the jeweller sagaciously left the catch so that a pin inserted in a small hole would open it.

Gold In The Sweepings

Asprey's design and manufacture most of the gold articles found on their shelves. Because of this, Mr. Eric is one of the few employers who expects a profit from his cleaning staff. Each year the workshops yield about £500 in gold dust recovered from drains and floor sweepings. Gold is found in the water where the craftsmen wash their hands, in the residue from the polishing processes, and below the floors. William Francis Eve, the head of the factory, once found it worth while to rip out the floorboards in a factory the firm was vacating. From the dust underneath, refiners recovered £125 worth of precious metal.

Eve's staff is divided into "small" and "large" workers, according to the size of the objects they make. Small workers concentrate on cigarette or vanity cases, and large workers are experts on tankards, trays and coffee sets.

Asprey's frequently make up common objects, like door keys, in solid gold. Not long ago, Eve received a package containing fresh dates, with the request for a single date to be made of gold and so designed that it would conceal a key.

One of the problems of this commission was to get the exact shades of gold. The metal comes in several shades; four different colours were used for the field marshal's gold baton Asprey's made recently for the coronation of the King of Iraq.

The craftsmen who work for Asprey's are accustomed to producing luxury goods, but they are so highly skilled that during the war they were able to turn to precision work on torpedoes, mines and aircraft parts. Eve was in charge of a wartime combination of jewellery firms which placed the skill of their workmen at the disposal of the government.

Eve, who has been with the firm for thirty-seven years, succeeded his father as factory head and is typical of many Asprey employees of long standing. The firm has kept its family atmosphere, and even when it became a limited company early in this century, the Aspreys retained control and offered trusted employees the opportunity to buy shares.

The Key Chain Problem

First of the family to deal in Bond Street was Charles Asprey, who described himself as a dressing-case maker and inventor. The inventive strain still persists, and Mr. Eric is now working on a new style key chain, for a customer who complained that to open high cupboards he either had to take the keys off the chain or remove the chain from his trousers.

Newest of the enterprises, the furniture and home decorating section, is operated on typical Asprey principles. In this part of the shop can be found a £385 Chippendale secretaire, an Asprey-designed child's armchair that adults find useful for viewing television, and chintz at the modest price of six shillings a yard. Under the same roof can be purchased a dog's dressing case made to the same standard of quality as a £15,000 Asprey diamond bracelet that comes in a discreet purple box bearing the firm's name.

Even the boxes are sought after, and more than one embarrassed bride has gone away after Mr. Eric has tactfully explained that, although the wedding present she wanted to exchange came in an Asprey box, the gift itself was purchased at some less famous shop. THE END

A test of obedience

by DUDLEY BARKER

ILLUSTRATED BY CLIXBY WATSON

His wife was a flirt and a spendthrift. And now she had talked him into a bet he could not hope to win

OLD AMBROSE, STANDING in the morning sunshine of the yard outside the kitchen window, overheard her pouting because he was to be one of the party.

"Why does he have to come, too?" she complained. "The first nice outing——"

"But Margaret," came his grandson's voice, awkwardly, "it's the one treat the old man gets."

"I wanted to go into Brighton after, and get a bit of fun. Lord knows it's dull enough out here week after week. And when we *do* get a chance to get away for a few hours, Grandad must come. The one treat the old man gets," she mimicked. "What about me?"

"Well, I'll ask him," conceded young Ambrose doubtfully.

Old Ambrose grunted and limped away across the yard. Let 'em ask till they were blue, he'd not give way—just because the little tart his grandson had married wanted to go and waste some more money in the town, drinking and eating, and eyeing the men.

Hadn't she wasted enough, with her fancies? New finicky furniture instead of the good old stuff that had been in the home for generations. Piped water, and a green bathroom where she could steam herself in scented stuff and admire her pert young body in the mirror. Now it was a television machine she whined after, so that she could sit idle and watch plays and such. Near a hundred pounds it would cost. Old Ambrose had gasped when he heard of it.

You'd think, the way she bled it, that Ricks was some lord's manor, instead of 170 acres of downland and a stone cottage. She'd ruin it—nigh had ruined it, for all the money it made during the war. But his word went for naught now on the farm that had once been his, and that he had nearly lost in the slump of the thirties, when his boy had died, leaving him the grandson to bring up. The long struggle, day after day, far into the night, the losing struggle. It was the girl's money, town money made from a grocery shop that had saved the farm, he had to admit that. But then to fritter it away . . .

He stood at the door of the barn, gazing at the downs which curved magnificently away towards the hidden sea. All his life was there, despite all the changes, the new ways. In his day the whole green downland had been daisy-speckled with sheep, and the bleat of them seemed to echo yet faintly from the blue sky. Now the few sheep were driven to the summit and the slopes given to cultivation. Old Ambrose sighed for his time that was gone.

BUT they wouldn't keep him from the sheepdog trials. Not that young Ambrose himself would want to. Wasn't it from his grandfather on these very downs that he had learned to handle a dog, every subtlety of whistle and motion, every tense trick of understanding between man's brain and dog's, to move the wayward sheep? Was there anyone but his grandad he'd sooner have watch him as he worked Bess in the trials—Bess herself of the line of Border collies old Ambrose had bred through nearly fifty years, starting with the first and greatest of them all, his own bitch, Sal?

Yet the girl had such a grip on his grandson that the softie actually did timidly suggest to old Ambrose that he should stay behind that day, lest he tire himself.

For answer, the old man got into the back of the car, resting his crook, fashioned long since from a black ram's horn, against his shoulder. Bess slid in beside him and sat on the seat, tongue lolling, eyes bright and eager.

The woman made no further attempt to leave

"They're good odds, aren't they?" said Buxton, asking the company. Ambrose, hands in pockets, was silent. He knew what his wife was thinking

him behind. Instead, she sulked all the way.

Porford village was in a bustle. There were farmers from all around, of course, with their women and children. There were also visitors from the towns, from Brighton and even from beyond, lured out in their holiday clothes to sample the really old stuff of rural England. Some of the fools, old Ambrose noted, had brought their own dogs with them—boxers and clipped poodles and such fripperies, frolicking uncontrolled all over the place, dodging under car wheels; in contrast to the Border collies, moving like little black-and-white ghosts, constant at their masters' heels, tails drooping, eyes alert, never needing more than a snap of the finger or a whispered word.

OLD Ambrose surveyed it all with distaste. The dog trials when he was young had not been like this. They had been quiet meetings of shepherds and farmers, and a few boys from the villages, and a parson or two. Nobody had come to stare at a curiosity.

Whereas now it was like a race meeting. Now there was money in it. There was even, he'd heard, big money bet on the side. The champions were not working shepherds, but substantial farmers who did it as a hobby.

The skill had not suffered, he admitted that. These men, in their cars and tweed suits, handled the dogs as ably as any old shepherd after a lifetime on the hills. But the spirit was different.

Mr. Buxton, for instance, who hailed his grandson as they entered the saloon of the Porford Arms. Michael Buxton, and the bitch Lil lying patiently by his well-shod feet, were champions at many of the trials. He was said to have refused two hundred and fifty pounds for his dog, as all the countryside knew. Two hundred and fifty pounds for a shepherd's dog! Sal, in those faraway days, had cost old Ambrose two florins—which he could ill spare.

He shook his head and refused to go up to the bar, but sat in a corner with the pint of beer that young Ambrose brought him, and Bess lying quiet at his feet. By rights she should have been with his grandson, but she was almost as devoted to the old man as to the young, and he did not disturb her. Besides, young Ambrose and his wife were perched up high on a couple of stools, like dolls, drinking stuff out of little glasses. No visitor would mistake them for a working shepherd and his wife.

Old Ambrose looked away in disgust. He sat there for some time, moodily thinking, before he realized there was something going on at the bar. Then he saw it was Mr. Buxton and his own grandson—Mr. Buxton laughing, talking loudly and young Ambrose also trying to smile, but flushed.

"If you're so sure," Mr. Buxton was saying, "why won't you bet on her?"

Young Ambrose shook his head.

"A Sussex man will back his words," continued Mr. Buxton. "Come on, nothing outrageous. Make it a hundred pounds on either side, my bitch against yours."

Margaret chipped in hastily. "We can't afford bets like that, Mr. Buxton. We're small farmers. Ambrose doesn't make that sort of money."

"I'll give him this," replied the farmer, "he knows a good-looking girl when he sees one."

Young Ambrose flushed deeper, and his voice thickened. "Make it a bet I can pay if I lose, Mr. Buxton," he said, "and I'll take you."

The other looked round the room, smiling, thinking. Everybody had stopped talking and was listening.

"Right," he said. "How about the dogs themselves? The dogs are the match and the dogs the stake. My Lil against your Bess. Are you on?"

The boy stiffened. Old Ambrose was staring at him in horror.

"They're good odds, aren't they?" asked Buxton, appealing to the company. He turned back to Ambrose. "I've been offered two hundred and fifty for Lil. I don't know what yours is worth, but that much, I expect. Where is she?"

He looked around again. "Oh, there she is. She's not bad, I grant you. Hallo there, Mr. Todd," he called. "Your grandson and I are having a bit of sport."

The young man kept silent, hands in pockets. He knew what his wife was thinking.

"Oh, Ambrose, take the bet, darling," she said. "What can you lose? Only a dog."

"Done!" shouted young Ambrose suddenly.

"Good lad," cried Mr. Buxton, thumping his shoulder. "A sport, that's what I like to see. Let's have a drink on it."

Hubbub and laughter broke out again in the saloon. The visitors were delighted at witnessing such a rustic drama. The farmers were privately scornful of young Ambrose Todd, letting himself be gulled by Buxton like that, for he'd surely lose.

Old Ambrose stared silently into his mug of beer. Bess, who had pricked up her ears, puzzled at the commotion, subsided quietly at his feet.

Soon the crowd began to leave, for the trials were due to start. Mr. Buxton went noisily out, Lil at his heels. "I'm starting before you," he said. "See you at the field, son. Don't miss the contest, Mr. Todd. Good fun."

Margaret begged another drink, for it would be so hot down there. Young Ambrose paid, drank his down, and got off the stool. As his foot touched the floor he stumbled.

"Don't be so clumsy, darling," said Margaret.

"Who's clumsy?" he demanded angrily, steadying himself with fingertips on the bar. Then he staggered again.

"Ambrose!" she said quickly. "You're not tight!"

"I'm all right," he muttered.

"Oh, Lord," she cried. "To get tight now!"

Old Ambrose got up from his seat and limped across to them.

"Are you drunk?" he asked, direct.

"No, of course not, Grandad. I've had one or two. Bit heady. It's the sun. . . ."

"Are you drunk?" the old man repeated.

"I don't know. I can't think——"

"Then you are!" Old Ambrose turned and made towards the door. "Look after him, girl," he ordered.

"But what are you going to do?"

He made no answer. As he reached the door, he snapped a finger at Bess. She rose obediently, looked hesitantly at her master. Old Ambrose snapped again. She glided docilely after him, tail drooping, tongue lolling, silent.

THE trials were already well under way when he arrived at the field, and his game leg was aching. At the foot of a steeply rising down, the tents were clustered, and the parked cars, the deckchairs and the crowds of people, tensely watching.

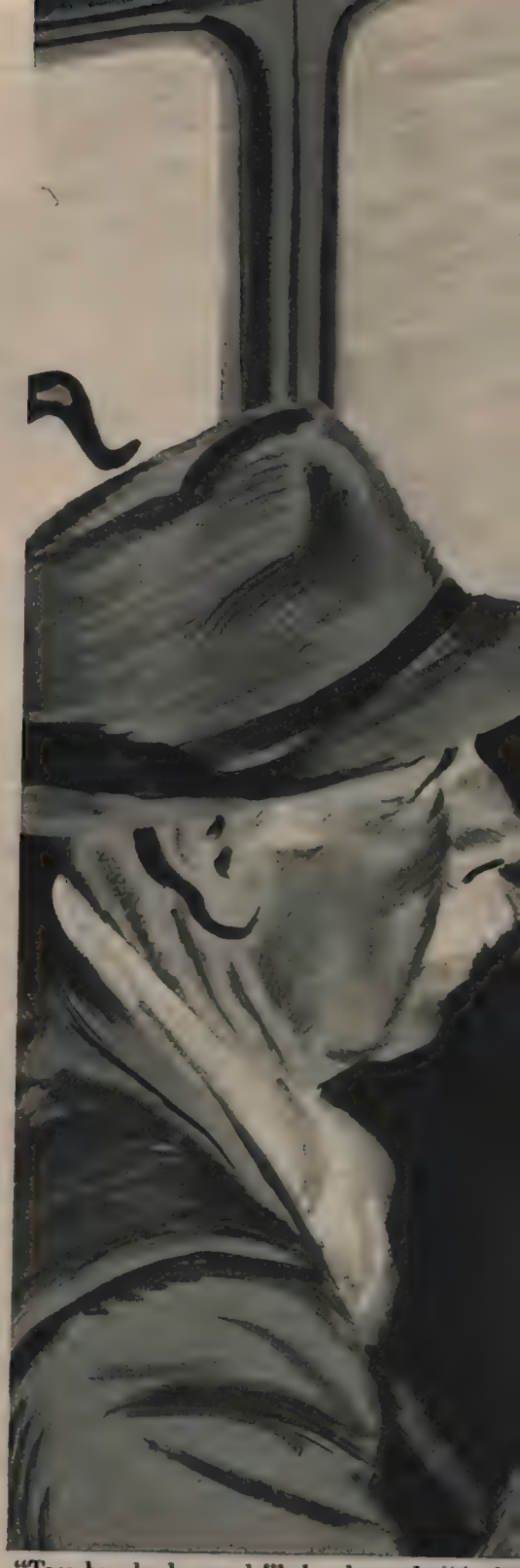
A competitor was in the field, stick in hand, concentrating on the dog moving a little huddle of sheep across the slope. Old Ambrose recognized Lil first, and then the competitor as Mr. Buxton. He had already gathered two separate groups of sheep, joined them, taken them through the hurdles. Now, with tiny movements of his fingers, he was instructing Lil to cut out the five marked sheep from the flock.

Ambrose stopped on the fringe of the watching farmers, and cautiously asked: "How has he scored?"

"Dropped a few points," muttered one, "but not many. It all counts on how he pens 'em."

Lil had now separated the five sheep, and Mr. Buxton was moving slowly, with infinite confidence, towards the pen with its open gate.

The man was skilful. Quietly he took the hurdle-gate in one hand, quietly stretched out his stick in the other, while Lil, directed by imperceptible signals, moved the sheep nearer



"Two hundred pounds!" she shouted. "And

and nearer. It looked perfect. And then one of the sheep shied and began to run. But Lil was there, silent, crouching. The sheep turned nervously back towards the others.

Once more she began to move them towards the pen. None faltered. They were practically in. And then the same sheep doubled back. Lil had it pinned in a flash, and at last Mr. Buxton could slam to the hurdle. But he'd lost points, thought Ambrose grimly.

The crowd applauded as the farmer, Lil at his heels, started to walk in. Over the loudspeaker came: "Mr. Michael Buxton, and Lil, completed the course in twenty-four minutes flat. Score, ninety-eight points out of a maximum one hundred and ten."

The crowd renewed its applause. Buxton smiled and lifted his stick. It was not his best, he knew that, thought Ambrose, but it would take some beating.

Then the loudspeaker again: "Mr. Ambrose Todd, of Ricks Farm, and Bess."

Old Ambrose clicked his fingers and limped forward, Bess following. On the way out, he met the other coming in.

"Hey, what's this?" demanded Mr. Buxton angrily. "It's your grandson entered to handle the dog."

"Ambrose Todd of Ricks Farm," answered

it's me you've cheated out of it!" But the old man said nothing. It was up to young Ambrose now

old Ambrose. "I'm Ambrose Todd of Ricks Farm."

Buxton looked at him with hostility: "You're not the man entered. I demand that your grandson handles this dog!"

"We'll put that to the judges," replied the old man, turning to limp back to the tent.

"What's the trouble?" asked old Mr. Mogden, from the head of the judges' table.

"I'm objecting to an unauthorized change of competitors. It was young Todd entered, and the old man is taking his place."

"Is that so, Mr. Todd? asked old Mogden.

"The entry was for Ambrose Todd of Ricks Farm, and Bess. That's me. And this is Bess."

"Everybody knows it was young Todd!" burst in Buxton.

"It don't say so," said Ambrose.

MR. MOGDEN was whispering to the other judges. Ambrose was sure he had heard of the bet, and likely of the boy getting drunk as well. Over seventy years Mr. Mogden had known the Todds, and it was said he was not too keen on the Buxtons, being newcomers.

"Well, Mr. Buxton," he said, "I can't say that I can see any irregularity in the entry, though you have raised a doubt in my mind. But in any case, Mr. Buxton, do you really want to maintain your objection? I mean," he added with a laugh, "I take it you are not afraid of competition from an old shepherd who was at his prime when your father was a boy, eh?"

The farmer muttered something.

"Then we'll just continue," said Mr. Mogden pleasantly.

Ambrose limped back to the starting point, Bess patiently behind him. But when he was out there his mind was filled with doubt. Would Bess run for him? She knew him well enough, but that was not to say there was between them that perfect understanding necessary for handling sheep. She was his grandson's dog. Suppose she simply refused to go, and made a fool of him in front of all these people? Suppose she roamed haphazard over the down, not understanding his commands?

He was on the point of turning away, but the starting signal was given. So he bent his mind to the first task, which was to send her to collect five sheep grazing somewhere over the brow of the downs, away to the right.

He licked his lips and gave her the whistle, long, then short. Bess ran out from behind him —and then suddenly paused, turned to look at him with puzzled eyes.

"Go on, Bess," he said quietly. She stood looking at him. "Go on, girl," he repeated, and whistled again.

There was a moment of agony. Then Bess suddenly made up her mind that it was all right, and went streaking up the hillside in the right direction. Ambrose sighed, and pulled out a handkerchief to wipe his lips.

He judged that she was now behind the sheep, and shrilled the whistle to bring them in. Nothing happened. He was clutching the handle of his crook so tightly that the muscles of his arm were strained.

And then the heads of the sheep came bobbing over the skyline. In little rushes they came on. A moment later he could see Bess, flat on the ground behind them, head between paws; and then rising softly to approach them, hasten them on; sinking back on haunches, silent, the instant that they moved.

With his heart trembling, Ambrose gave her the signals to bring them to the assembly point at the centre, near the foot of the slope. Then he whistled her back to him. She came racing, standing in front of him, panting, her eyes bright, waiting for what was to follow.

"Good girl," he permitted himself to murmur, "good girl."

Now she had to bring five more sheep from over the hilltop to the left. Ambrose whistled, short, then long.

She made as if to start, and then paused again, looking up puzzled at him. He concentrated his thoughts to encourage her, and whistled again. And she was off, a little black athlete with a white breast, running beautifully up the slope and over the brow, tail flying behind like a streamer.

As he waited, Ambrose reckoned that he had lost at least four points on account of those hesitations. But he still had a chance.

He stared up the hill. This time it was more difficult, for mist was stealing in from the sea, and a flock of circling gulls might distract the dog. Ambrose, gauging his moment, whistled—waited. And soon, over the hilltop, came the bobbing heads of the sheep; and, in a moment, Bess gliding cautiously behind them, holding the sheep just by being there in the right spot at the right moment, crouched, eyes gazing, ears pricked.

In his joy, Ambrose shed all the anxiety that had afflicted him. He slid into a sort of day-dream, in which the whole scene changed. He was on a lonely hill-side at the far end of Ricks. The dog was not Bess, but Sal, his own first collie, who understood his unspoken wishes.

Ambrose was handling the dog in this dream fashion, happily, thinking of nothing else in the world. And she was responding to him like an extension of his own thought.

With brisk caution she took the sheep through the left-hand hurdle, wheeled them, and took them through the right.

There was a little sigh of pleasure from the crowd behind him, but for Ambrose it might have been wind sighing in the trees.

He stumped forward, oblivious of the pain in his lame foot, and directed her to cut out the marked sheep from the flock. With little quick movements she did it, watchful, never a sound, but whenever a sheep started to bolt, always there, crouching in front of it. "Good girl, Sal," sang Ambrose in his heart.

There was now only to pen them. He backed across to the little square of hurdles and took the swinging gate in his left hand without looking at it. With his right he extended the crook. And then he whistled softly to the dog.

She moved the sheep towards him. The leader shied a little, but she was there. A sheep at the back turned to bolt, but the dog raced round and crouched at it before it had gone a half-dozen yards.

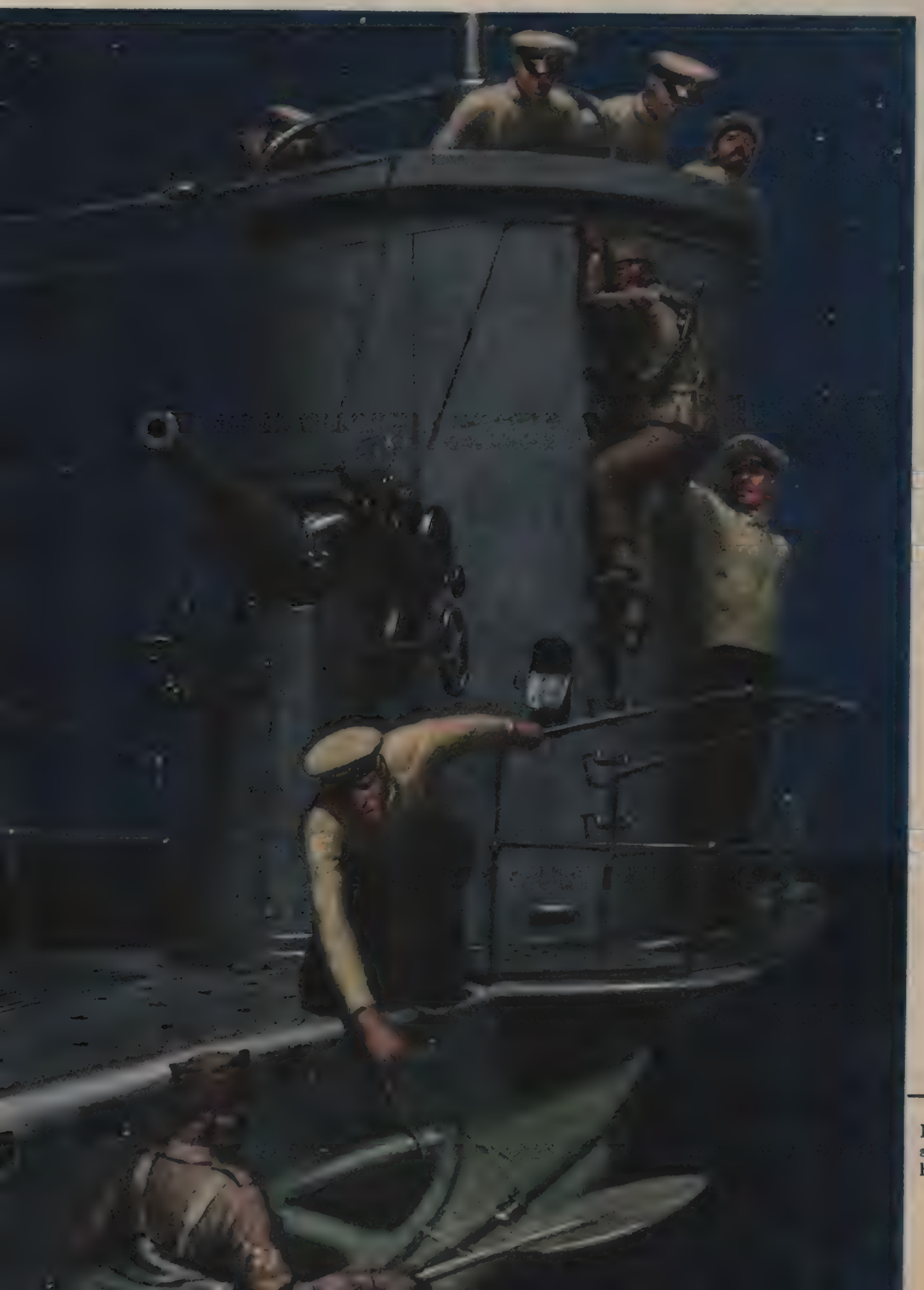
Then she had them huddled again, and moving slowly towards him. Once again the

Continued on page 31

UNBROKEN (6) by Lieutenant-Commander ALASTAIR MARS, D.S.O., D.S.C.

Our secret mission with 'Wrecker' Wilson

We had hit two enemy cruisers and escaped to tell the tale. But our celebration was soon cut short by the arrival of Captain Wilson and a secret weapon he was itching to try out



AFTER THE ROAR of two mighty explosions—signifying that our torpedoes had struck home—shattered the tense silence, the excitement aboard the Unbroken was terrific. There were cheers of triumph and joyful back-slapping. For it was a great moment. Alone, the tiny 600-ton Unbroken had tackled four Italian cruisers, a couple of submarine-spotting aircraft and eight submarine killing destroyers. We had crept through the enemy's protective screen and with one salvo had torpedoed two fast-moving cruisers. In that brief, exalted moment, our own danger was forgotten.

But we did not have long to glory in our success. Four minutes after firing our torpedoes there were other, more sinister explosions—the familiar *krrrumps* of distant depth charges. In a flurry and a panic the destroyers were hurling "ashcans" in a belated defence of the cruisers.

Then Cryer reported: "Asdic transmissions bearing green one-four-oh, sir." The enemy had pulled himself together and was after us. This was soon confirmed by a pattern of explosions not far beyond our stern.

"One hundred and twenty feet. Group down. Slow ahead together," I ordered. A minute later we were at 120 feet, sliding along at less than three knots. "Silent routine!"

Two Sounds That Meant Danger

The ventilation and cooling systems were stopped, as was every piece of machinery in the boat except the compass and the slowly revolving main motors. Orders were passed in whispers, all unnecessary lighting was doused. The Italians were not as efficient as we were in the use of asdics, but they were hot stuff at picking up things on their hydrophones.

There were at least three destroyers after us, sweeping in to drop depth charges at the rate of one a minute. The patterns were closer than anything we had experienced before, their nearness judged by two sounds, apart from the violence of the vibrations. One was the sound of "rain." This occurred after an explosion and was caused by gushers of water—often many tons in weight—falling back into the sea. When you can hear it in a submarine, it's pretty close. The second noise was a sharp metallic *click* which preceded the explosions by perhaps half a second. It came from the firing mechanism and to be able to hear it meant, again, that it must be too close for comfort.

In the next forty-five minutes each of our

It was time for the raid to begin. A quick handshake, and then Wilson clambered down from the bridge. In the folboat, Brittlebank sat waiting

ILLUSTRATION BY EDWARD OSMOND

Captain Robert Wilson, D.S.O., has a light from a fellow officer after an investiture at Buckingham Palace. Wilson specialized in blowing up trains and ships. "A disturbing passenger," writes Mars

The photograph used on Wilson's raid at Cotrone, showing, in circle, the ship he was to destroy

tormentors performed eight or nine runs culminating in patterns of five or seven charges. Many were close enough to bring down the insulating cork from the hull, but I soon came to the conclusion that the enemy had no idea of our depth. The firing was accurate, but the charges were set to explode shallow; we were out of real danger so long as we kept at 120 feet.

By nine o'clock, after 105 depth charges had been dropped, it appeared that the enemy had lost us or had gone off for further supplies of depth charges. Had we possessed any more torpedoes it would have been our duty—and pleasure—to return to the scene of the attack to finish off a lame duck or kipper one of the destroyers. But with our three-inch gun we would have had as much chance against an eight-inch cruiser as a puppy with a pea-shooter against a rogue elephant.

Ten Hours Of Suspense

We had no means of knowing whether the enemy had left a destroyer behind to track us at dead-slow speed while the others returned for more depth charges, and after our experience of Cape Milazzo we did not underestimate the Italian's ability to stick to us once he had truly found us. Therefore, although all was quiet above us, and no more depth charges came our way, we kept to silent routine until dusk, grabbing a snack meal of cold meat and tea towards noon.

In a way, the *thought* of a depth charge attack is worse than the attack itself. Once an attack has started there is little to do but wait, sweat and pray—a process less of a strain on the nerves than the fear that there *might* be a ship stalking you, there *might* be an aircraft circling overhead, there *might* be a sudden fury of explosives about your ears. So it was, from nine in the morning until seven at night, that we endured ten unbroken hours of silent misery, hardly daring to breathe, talk or move our cramped limbs.

At seven o'clock we planed to periscope depth. Nothing in sight. Two hours later we surfaced and sent a report to Malta of the morning's encounter. Captain "Shrimp" Simpson ordered our return.

Record-breaking Salvo

Next day we received a heart-stirring message from Malta. Air reconnaissance reported that we had hit two cruisers with our one salvo—an all-time record which, so far as I know, stands to this day. I did not think it improper to order an extra tot of rum all round. I felt we deserved it.

Years later I was able to piece together the story of this cruiser squadron. In August, 1942, Italy was badly short of fighter aircraft, and the Germans had promised to provide the air cover for the cruisers' attack on the Malta convoy. The Italians set out, but the aircraft did not arrive, and their admiral promptly turned tail for home. On the way we caught him—and serve him right!

The eight-inch cruiser we torpedoed was the Belzano, and although there was only one casualty, the torpedo hit deep in an oil fuel tank and set it on fire. The fire gutted the ship and she had to be beached. Towed to Naples and then to Genoa, she was finally scuttled.

The six-inch cruiser Muzio Attendolo had sixty feet of her bows shot off and limped into Messina. Patched up, she was taken to Naples for more thorough repair work. There she was bombed by the Americans and became a total loss. It is therefore a fair claim to say that we destroyed two cruisers with our one salvo of torpedoes. As it turned out, severely damaging them was more effective than sinking them, for they tied up a mass of skilled dockyard labour before they were finally written off.

I suppose I should have been wildly excited at the news from Malta, but I was completely exhausted after eighteen days of constant strain. I decided on an unusual experiment. I had wondered sometimes how the boat would manage if I got myself killed at sea. This does not mean that I considered myself indispensable, but it did mean that Haig Haddow, as first lieutenant, was lacking in command experience. I decided that my state of extreme fatigue would provide the opportunity of giving Haddow some of this experience.

I gathered the officers in the wardroom. "I'm going to be admiral for the rest of this trip," I said. "Haig will be skipper, Paul Thirsk will be Number One, and Tiger will navigate."

I handed Haddow the recall signal and said: "Carry on, Captain. I'm going to be a very lazy admiral and won't want to know anything. If we meet the enemy it will be up to you to take what action you consider necessary—even though we haven't any torpedoes left—and inform me when convenient."

Given A Royal Welcome

All went smoothly, even when we ran into a convoy south-west of Marsala and sailed unpleasantly near an escorting destroyer. We dived swiftly to eighty feet, listened to their asdics for a few minutes, and wished them damnation as they drew away. We entered the minefield, QBB255, and at noon on Tuesday, August 18, we slid into number one billet at Lazzaretto, Haig Haddow still doing his stuff.

They gave us a royal welcome. The Maltese lined the wharf, cheering, waving and shouting. They were happy. The convoy had got through, they had food to eat, and here was a submarine

With her sailors lining the forrard casing, Unbroken returns triumphantly to Malta. Waiting to greet the crew as the submarine noses into Lazzaretto quay are officers and men of the base

returning from a successful patrol. Our hearts went out to these valiant little islanders.

A galaxy of base talent was also waiting to greet us. There was Shrimp Simpson, Captain Submarines, giving a friendly wave, and next to him was Commander Sam MacGregor, the engineer officer of the base. Because of the manpower shortage, it was not an uncommon sight to find Sam aboard one of the submarines personally repairing a wireless set and solving the problems of a puzzled telegraphist. He described himself as the "garage manager."

There was Giddings, Hubert Marsham and the new commander, "Hutch"—Commander C. H. Hutchinson. At one time he was nicknamed "The Gestapo" because, quite rightly, he put his foot down when a C.O. got above himself. His was an unenviable job, keeping order among a bunch of high-spirited submarine skippers in their late and middle twenties. (Come to think of it, I'm surprised he tolerated my own idiosyncrasies—one of which was to stay in bed for forty-eight hours during each period in harbour.) Among the others on the wharf was Joe Martin, who had served with me as a midshipman and on the China Station, and who was at Malta in the capacity of spare commanding officer.

The Ginger-haired Dynamo

The outstanding personality was Shrimp Simpson. He is one of the few men I have met of whom it is impossible to say an unkind word. Short, stocky, with gingerish hair and a dazzling smile, he had a wonderful sense of humour that was but seldom hidden beneath short bursts of irascible temper. He was a human dynamo with an endless source of energy who seemed to live without sleep in the operations room at Lascaris, his Lazzaretto office. He never inconvenienced anyone without good cause, although he was capable of tearing a miscreant to shreds in no time at all if the occasion warranted it. Above all, Shrimp Simpson was essentially approachable, a man without side. His C.O.s tried to live up to his example—although few of them could play hockey with this thirty-nine year old's gusto.

As soon as we secured, Shrimp whisked me off for a verbal account of the patrol. As we talked, a flow of congratulatory signals poured in. They came from the C.-in-C., from the Vice-Admiral Malta, from the Flag Officer (Submarines), London, and from Captain of the First Submarine Flotilla. It was all very satisfying and head-swelling. My interview with Shrimp over, I handed the maintenance side to Sam MacGregor, informed the crew that we would not be going to sea for at least another fortnight, and had them fixed up with leave at one of the island's rest camps.

Gay Party In The Cells

There was practically no food or drink to buy, with the exception of naval rum. Thousands of gallons had been filched from the dockyard and became the staple drink of every bar on the island. Considering the risks involved in looting the stuff, the price was reasonable.

Some of the men preferred to stay at the base for their leave period, where they were excused all routines and came and went as they liked. Their favourite tipple was a mixture of rum and basic *ambite*, an explosive combination that produced monumental hangovers. Great believers in this jungle juice were the trio of Cryer, the asdic operator, Leading Torpedo Operator Bill Scutt and "Pedro" Fenton, the gunlayer. Scutt was a tall, fair young man with a sharply pointed nose who came from Hartley Wintney, in Hampshire. Fenton was short and dark and a native of Scotland, and Cryer was a blond, burly Londoner.

On one occasion the three, dressed in overalls and carrying bottles of their beloved jungle juice, were apprehended by Hubert Marsham and run in. It appeared that when they were formally charged, the master-at-arms—the naval equivalent of a regimental sergeant-major—suggested that although the jungle juice had to be confiscated it would be a pity to waste the stuff. Consequently there was a gay little party in a conveniently empty cell before the three malefactors were sent to me for punishment. I awarded them each thirty days stoppage of rum, but I do not think it worried them unduly. They had ample stocks.

Surprisingly, perhaps, there was little fraternizing between the lads and the local beauties, although one or two, after filling themselves with jungle juice in a wine shop, did use their rations for a purpose regulations never intended. In the main, however, *l'amour* was kept on a vicarious level by the watching of highly professional clinches in the ten-year-old films shown at the local cinemas.

Two great characters of Malta were "Soft Joe" and the Padre. The former was the nickname of Peter Harrison—now Commander Harrison, D.S.O., D.S.C. and Bar—and it was largely of his own making.

When the submariners got together in the wardroom it was only natural that we swopped tales of our exploits on the previous patrol, and Harrison's line almost invariably went like this:

"And there I was again—*having done nothing, mind you*—being depth-charged all over the ocean. . . . Poor old Soft Joe. . . . Always the cane for him and none of the cream. . . . Roll on Gibraltar. . . . That's what I want—a single ticket to Gib."

On The Evils Of Drink

In point of fact he did damned well, and I shall never forget the look of amazement on his face when he described how he torpedoed, from very long range, a heavily escorted merchantman, without any comeback. He just couldn't understand it—nor could we when we worked out his plan of attack. It was true enough, nonetheless.

Padre Marsden was an Australian, and dished out really fierce sermons. One Sunday he delivered a scorcher about the evils of the bottle, then joined us for a couple of gins in the wardroom. Joe Martin, remembering his threats of hell-fire and damnation, was puzzled.

"You know, Padre," he said. "I don't quite get it. Half an hour ago you were shouting at us to lay off the stuff, yet I don't notice you drinking water."

"Ah!" came the prompt reply. "It was my duty to warn you of these evils." He raised his glass. "For myself, I'll take a risk on it!"

But all good things come to an end, and our fun and games at Malta were brought to a halt with the arrival of Captain Robert Wilson, D.S.O.—"Tug" Wilson, the train wrecker. He had flown in via Alexandria and we were to take him on his next escapade. Practising in a pond back home, using the motor of a windscreen-wiper, Wilson had invented a new weapon—a mobile limpet. Actually it was a slow-speed miniature torpedo fitted with special explosive of great power, which could be launched from a folboat and directed at its target. It avoided the danger of ordinary limpet-sticking, which involved having to swim beneath the target to fix the explosive, but it suffered the disadvantage of having no time mechanism. This gave the operator a very short period in which to paddle away in his folboat.

Scheme To Torpedo Train

Our orders were to try out Wilson's gadget in the small artificial harbour of Cotrone, on the ball of Italy's foot. On the same patrol we were to attempt a typical Shrimp Simpson enterprise. We were to torpedo a train!

There was, on the east coast of Sicily, a railway viaduct crossing the mouth of the River D'Argo. The plan was to fire a torpedo set to run two feet deep and oblique to the trestlework of the viaduct—just in front of an approaching train. The viaduct would be destroyed and the train would plunge into the river, all in one fell swoop.

Our orders laid down that we should

Continued on page 26

The story of British boxing in a profile that pulls no punches

Lucky Jack Solomons

by KEITH ELLIS

Flamboyant, open-handed, friend of stars and back-street hopefuls, he's the self-styled sun that shines on boxing. His greatest feat of all has been to break up the American monopoly

IT WAS WITH only mild surprise that Jack Solomons heard an official of the Palais des Sports in Paris tell him on the telephone that a boxer returning to England from Spain had run out of money; would Jack pay his hotel bill and lend him his fare across the Channel? Solomons immediately agreed. Next morning, a travel-weary boxer climbed the forty-three steps to his office and thanked him effusively. "That's all right," said Solomons royally, "forget it."

The boxer cleared his throat: "I have to get up to Scotland, Jack."

Solomons sighed and dipped into his pocket. "What's the fare?" he asked. "Six pounds ten," said the boxer, "and I have my wife with me."

Recalling the incident with the bitter-sweet smile of a man described by one of his friends as "the easiest touch in the West End," Solomons adds: "I was glad to get away with twenty-five pounds. I have a safe full of I.O.U.s."

This particular boxer had no claim on Solomons, for he was neither returning from nor due to appear at a Solomons promotion. It just happens that everybody connected with boxing, no matter how tenuously, turns instinctively for cash or advice to the "Palace of Sock"—the name which a publicity-conscious Solomons has coined for his establishment.

Office Is Always Crowded

Situated in Soho's Great Windmill Street, a thoroughfare which contains in its hundred-odd yards a night club, a delicatessen, a rehearsal club, two snack bars, a convent and London's best-known "undress" theatre, the "palace" consists of a grubby entrance hall, some matchbox offices and a gym. From it, Solomons has organized his eight world championship fights.

At fifty-two, Solomons is five feet ten and a half inches tall and weighs a little over fourteen stones. Balding, with a smooth round face which breaks easily into a boyish grin, he cultivates an air of casual friendliness. Although his office is approached only through two outer offices or a door marked "strictly private" that opens on to the gym, it is invariably thronged with boxers, boxing managers, journalists and old acquaintances, chatting among themselves or using the Solomons phones. Even when he has confidential business to discuss, they are not disturbed.

"To save the embarrassment of driving them out," he says, "I retire to the lavatory. Most of my big deals have been clinched there."

Normally, he works at a large desk in a grey and maroon cardigan, perpetually smiling and

Solomons turns his famous smile on Randolph Turpin. His devotion to boxing is fanatical, but he says he makes little money out of it

1938 : an early triumph for Solomons (right) seen with Eric Boon after his defeat of Dave Crowley

In his fish shop, Solomons watches brother Maxie.

occasionally breaking into a conversation to offer a comment, a cigar or a drink. The drink, exclusively Scotch, is poured by Dave Edgar, a member of his staff who reckons he passes round at least a bottle a day. The cigars, at 12s. 6d. a time, cost £30 a week. After the desk and the cocktail cabinet, the most important item of furniture is a medicine chest which is said to contain every hangover, headache and stomach cure put on the market in Britain and America during the last ten years. Dominating the whole room is a picture of Solomons exuding the famous smile. "Even when he's worried inside," says his wife Fay, "he still smiles."

One of the times when Solomons was worried was when Joe Baksi smashed Woodcock's jaw and blinded his left eye in one of Solomons's promotions. "Solomons watched a £100,000 dream of a world title fight in London vanish without once letting the famous smile slip," wrote one columnist. "Every one of those Baksi piledrivers must have hurt Solomons almost as much as they did Woodcock, but you would never have guessed it, although, mind you, the smile was beginning to look slightly fixed and strained towards the end of the massacre."

Rumour Stopped The Smile

On only two public occasions has Solomons been noticed to be not smiling. The first was when Bruce Woodcock, after the easiest fight of his career, knocked out Lee Oma in the fourth round at Harringay. Even as Oma was helped out of the ring, a tight-lipped Solomons heard rumours of a "fix" flash round the arena.

The second was when Freddy Mills was pounded through six bloody rounds by Joe Baksi before yielding the verdict by a wave of his glove from the corner. Solomons felt and looked sick. After the event, he was criticized sharply for having put on the fight, both by the press and the Board of Control.

From time to time, Solomons strolls out of his office into his gymnasium (which he persistently mispronounces "jimmernasium") to watch his "boys" skipping, shadow-boxing, and leathering punch-balls. Managers, ex-boxers with cauliflower ears, and members of the public admitted at the discretion of Nat Sellar, the manager-cum-bouncer, stand around or sit on thoughtfully provided benches discussing the latest prospects. At intervals of three minutes followed by one, a Solomons-designed clock rings out the rounds. The boxers spit out gum-shields and take swigs of water from lemonade bottles.

"Everyone comes here," says Sellar. "Foreign visitors put it on their list with Buckingham Palace and the Tower of London." The Crazy Gang, Sir Gordon Richards and Fabian of the Yard are frequent visitors, as also was the late Daniel Hopkin, the Marlborough Street magistrate. Danny Kaye and Albert Pierrepoint, the public hangman, pay Solomons a visit when their work brings them to town.

The most important visitors, however, are not the public, but the constant stream of British and foreign boxers whom Solomons has persuaded to fight under his aegis. When Charles Humez and Randolph Turpin weighed in for their Coronation fight, they were entering his eighth world championship contest. The others were the two fights between Freddy Mills and Gus Lesnevich for the light-heavyweight crown, Woodcock and Savold for the heavyweight, Allen and Pratesi for the flyweight, Mills and Maxim for the light-heavyweight, Williams and James for the lightweight (in Cardiff) and, last summer, Robinson and Turpin for the middleweight.

Solomons is the only Englishman to have promoted, single-handed, a heavyweight championship of the world. Since the war, he is the only Englishman to have promoted any world title fight. With American boxing dominated by syndicates, many people think that Solomons is the world's most powerful individual promoter.

He himself sums up his achievement thus: "What I have done is to get our boys rated in the United States. Before the war, the Americans used to fight out world championships among themselves. I have made it so that no American can call himself world champion until he has fought the best in Europe."

In spite of his obvious wealth and the fact that he spends most of his time on boxing, Solomons always insists that there is little money in it. "If I had to live on what I make out of boxing, I'd turn it up tomorrow," he says. As an example of where the money goes

Cigar in mouth, Solomons hands over his famous desk to Bruce Woodcock (standing) and Lee Savold signing up for a world title fight. Savold's manager, Bill Daly, is on the right

Now the business is just one of his incomes

he quotes the figures for the Woodcock-Savold fight.

From 50,000 spectators at the White City, gross takings were £80,000, of which £14,000 went in entertainment tax, £31,000 jointly to Woodcock and Savold, £10,000 for supporting bouts and a preliminary band show, £10,000 on presentation (rent, staging, two thousand stewards, publicity and entertainments) and £3,300 to the Board of Control. Of the remaining ten thousand odd, a third went to the International Boxing Club of New York and a fifth to Harringay Arena, Ltd. Thus the net profit was approximately £5,000.

How He Makes His Money

Solomons claims he can fairly deduct from this about £2,000 towards the expenses of his organization, and £2,000 consolation money that he paid Savold and his manager Bill Daly when Woodcock's accident postponed the fight. A profit of a mere thousand from one meeting is no way to get rich, he says.

His real wealth, claims Solomons, comes from other sources. First there is the fish business, now run by his brother in Dalston; secondly there is the bookmaking business, managed by Sam Burns; thirdly there is Toliani's, a West End restaurant in which he has a share. Most important of all, however, are the racing tips he gets from owners and jockeys whom he rings up every morning "to see if I can do myself a bit of good."

"I meet them through boxing," he says. "In South Africa, I backed five out of six winners at every meeting I went to. I once won £5,600 on a single bet."

Dave Edgar recalls an occasion when he was lunching with Solomons, and the Crazy Gang, who had been rehearsing in an upstairs room, came down to eat. They bantered Solomons and passed on "something good."

"I'm not a gambling man, so I didn't back it," says Edgar. "Solomons made six hundred pounds." Last year, Edgar had the job of taking to Solomons, who was at a Board of Control meeting, a telegram containing another tip. "It was Tulyar in his first race of the season."

Whatever the truth of the matter, Solomons shows a devotion to boxing that is almost fanatical. In his efforts to establish himself as a world figure, he has never hesitated to make his point where it counts most: in New York itself. He has lost count of the number of times he has visited the United States. Last year, he crossed twice in two weeks.

When he arrived the first time, he found that Joey Maxim and his manager, with whom he had hoped to return in the Queen Mary five days later, had refused to honour their promise of a fight against Turpin in September. "That gave me five days to see the Commissioners and the lawyers," he says. He returned by himself, and on the way received a cable which said that his case would be heard two days after the Queen Mary docked at Southampton. He cabled back: BOAT ARRIVES NINETEENTH. WILL FLY BACK TWENTIETH. He did so, and won.

Not surprisingly, Solomons has a number of comedians among his friends. When he landed with his wife in South Africa, they were met at the airport by Tommy Trinder, with a pair of boxing gloves dangling round his neck.

Jokes For The Crazy Gang

Danny Kaye came to the Solomons's flat after one of his shows for a midnight dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Emanuel Shinwell; the talk lasted until 3 a.m. The Crazy Gang, to whom Solomons is closest of all, have a reference to Jack Solomons in one of the sketches of their current show. In conversation, Solomons can keep his end up with the professionals. Hal Monty, who knew him as a boy, says many of his cracks have been used later in their turns.

Once Solomons was watching a charity show at Streatham when Leslie Welch, the memory man, came on the stage. After he had answered various questions about sport, Solomons called out in his modified cockney: "Who was it who in one year received a Lonsdale belt, an international cap and an F.A. Cup medal?"

Welch frowned and scratched his head. Finally, he beamed fulsomely towards Solomons and said: "You've got me there, sir. Who was it who in one year received a Lonsdale belt, an international cap and an F.A. Cup medal?" Solomons widened his smile still farther. "The pawnbroker at Brixton," he chortled.

The fourth of seven children, Jack Solomons was born on December 10, 1900, of Polish parents in a basement bedroom under a fish-shop in London's Petticoat Lane. He had two perfectly formed teeth and, on each hand, five fingers and a thumb. Today, tiny scars show where the surplus fingers were removed.

He first became interested in boxing at the age of ten, when his sister married a boxer named Joe Brooks. Naturally, he saw all brother-in-law Joe's fights, and followed his exploits in the sporting press.

When he left school, Solomons continued in the family fish business. The war hit it hard, however, and eventually he had to look for another job. He became a night porter at the Bonnington Hotel in Southampton Row, moved to the Imperial and finally to a Bexhill hotel, where he also learned how to make a book.

He Mortgaged His Wages

"Visitors were always wanting to put a bet on," he says. "I decided to 'stick' them. Although I sometimes had to mortgage a month's wages and tips to settle, I showed a profit in the long run."

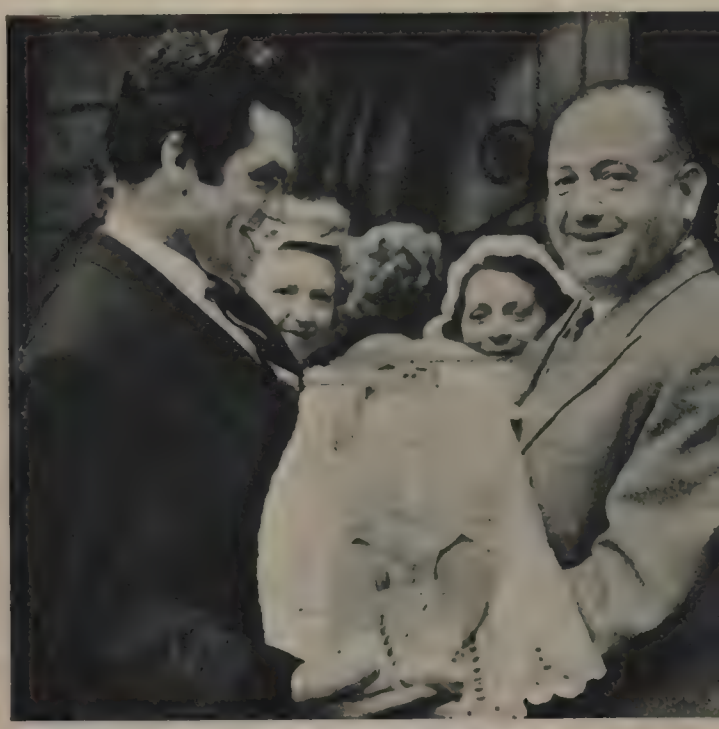
Eventually, however, he became homesick for the East End and took to hanging about a billiards saloon. One of his friends there, Harry Grossman, considered himself a likely champion and wrote to the promoters of The Ring at Blackfriars to ask for a fight.

To his surprise, he received a postcard inviting him to fight six rounds against a boxer named Ted Green the following Saturday. By that time, Grossman was not feeling very fit, and confided his trouble to Solomons.

"Give me the postcard," said Solomons. "I'll take your place." Alias Harry Grossman, he

Continued on page 29

With his wife and Peter Thrale, the Epsom trainer, Solomons goes to look at his horse Randy. He makes fortunes out of racing tips



The Solomons smile goes to the christening of Freddy Mills's daughter. But it vanished at a Mills fight, when the promoter was criticized

Solomons surrounded by the boys of his Sunday morning boxing club. He pays all the expenses and provides the kit—as well as the trophies

IN THE WET

by NEVIL SHUTE

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY SEABRIGHT

A crisis . . . involving the Queen? David was puzzled and disturbed. He felt he had to know more about it—and only Rosemary could tell him

THIS IS A VISION of the future—the world of 1983. It was told to a bush parson in Northern Queensland, by a dying man in the delirium of an opium dream, while the rains of the Wet season thundered down: an old man who believed that his spirit had entered the body of a young Australian airman named David Anderson.

In 1983, Wing-Commander Anderson, R.A.A.F., got one of the most coveted jobs among Commonwealth pilots: he joined the Queen's Flight. Australia, like Canada, had presented the Queen with a de Havilland Ceres, which could reach Canberra from London in twenty hours.

The appointment was an honour, but David Anderson—Nigger to his friends—had been dubious about accepting. He was unduly sensitive about his streak of coloured blood, and he had no idea how one was supposed to behave in Court circles. But it was so obvious that Group Captain Cox, commander of the Queen's Flight, and Major Macmahon, the Queen's secretary, had handpicked him for the job, that he felt he could not refuse.

Britain in 1983 was a strange country. Its population had shrunk, as Australia's had grown. Its rebuilt cities were the finest in the world: David had always admired British architecture and engineering. But he preferred his own country with its tumultuous growth and its electoral system of "multiple voting."

At Buckingham Palace David had met Rosemary Long, Macmahon's secretary. She was an attractive girl, and shared his enthusiasm for sailing. They met again on a yachting weekend, and the acquaintance ripened. There was a warmth about her that broke down his reserve. Only one thing puzzled him: her warning to him not to get mixed up in politics.

But it did not worry him much. He was grateful to her for making him feel more at home. In spite of his prejudices, he found himself beginning to like England. . . .

PART 4

The V.I.P.s Arrive

DAVID took delivery of the Australian Ceres for the Queen's Flight in September, a fortnight after Dewar had taken over the Canadian one. Before delivery, both crews had put in a month of intensive work upon the crew trainer, a full-scale representation of the flight deck of a Ceres set up by the manufacturers in a vacant hangar; when the time came to take over the aircraft, the crew knew their job.

Besides familiarization training with the aircraft, the crew had to be trained to work as a team in radar-controlled landings till they could put the Ceres down upon the runway accurately and safely in the thickest fog at night.

It was the Queen's wish that year to spend the late autumn in Canada, and it was proposed that she should leave England in the Canadian Ceres on the evening of the twelfth of November and fly direct to Edmonton to open the Clearwater hydro-electric scheme, a flight of about eight hours, go on to Vancouver for a few days' holiday and then back to Ottawa. It seemed desirable to make a trial flight over this route before starting with the Queen, and the Canadian machine was quietly prepared to make this flight, carrying the Australian crew as passengers for general experience.

Before this trial flight took place, the crews of the Queen's Flight were plagued with visitors. Air Chief Marshal Sir William Bradbury came frankly for the drive in the country, and said so. So did eight civil servants from various ministries on eight separate visits, but they did not say so. All these people had to be entertained. Finally Frank Cox received a telephone call from the Secretary of State for Air, Lord Coles of Northfield, to say that he was coming down that afternoon. He broke the news to the Canadian and Australian captains.

"For the love of Pete," said Wing Commander Dewar, "what's it got to do with him? We aren't in his parish."

"I am," said Cox. "So is the aerodrome."

"Well, hell," said the Canadian. "Let him inspect you and the aerodrome and leave us be. I've got the radar schedule three to do this afternoon. I can't have people in and out of the machine."

"I can show them Tare," David said. "The upholsterers are in the port cabin, and they're checking the flap indicators, but that doesn't matter." They spoke of the Canadian and Australian machines as Sugar and Tare respectively, from the last letters of the registration call signs.

The group captain nodded. "I'll keep him in my office for a few minutes when he arrives, and send a message over. Better warn Ryder." Flight Lieutenant Ryder was the Australian second pilot of Tare.

David was working with his crew on the machine in the middle of the afternoon when he saw the telephone girl crossing the floor of the hangar to him. He went to meet her. "Want me?"

She said, "The group captain said I was to tell you that the Prime Minister is in his office, with Lord Coles."

David started. "Iorwerth Jones?"

"Yes, sir. The Prime Minister."

"Tell him I'll be there in just a minute. I'd better wash my hands." As he did so, he speculated glumly on the afternoon before him. The Prime Minister of England had never been out of England but for one short holiday at Dinard, and he thought little of the Commonwealth; in return the Commonwealth thought little of him. He had sat in Parliament for twenty years, and he would sit there till he died.

IN the group captain's office, David Anderson was introduced. He had not met either of the two visitors before, though he had seen pictures and movies of the Prime Minister many times and was familiar with the broad, white face, the iron grey shock of hair, and the glowering eyes. He did not know Lord Coles at all, and found him to be a tubby, rubicund little man

On the day of the Royal Inspection, the air crews paraded in front of their machines. It was a bright, sunny afternoon. As the Queen's Daimler arrived, Frank Cox went forward and saluted

He stood in the doorway, watching Rosemary's slim grace as she poured out coffee. "There are quite a few questions I'd like to ask you," he said

who knew nothing about aircraft or the Royal Air Force.

After the introductions, they went out into the hangar.

The hangar doors were open, and Tare stood just inside, a great smooth gleaming mass of bright duralumin, white painted on the upper surfaces. Outside, on a concrete circle off the runway, Sugar stood lined up upon the radar target on a mast a mile away at the far side of the field. It was easier to see the shape and lines of the machine upon the distant aircraft, the delta wing, the long protruding nose, the buried engines indicated by the air inlets.

The two officers stood for five minutes describing the form of the machines and their general characteristics to their guests. Once, when they said that the range of the machine was about eight thousand nautical miles, the Secretary of State for Air asked if that was far enough to take the machine to Aden without landing. They told him that it could safely fly as far as Colombo without landing and still have a forty per cent reserve of fuel, and he asked if Colombo was farther than Aden.

This was all normal to the officers, and they turned to the aircraft in the hangar. Before going up the gangway into it, Mr. Jones asked: "What did this nonsense cost?"

The group captain said, "The aircraft, sir? I'm afraid I couldn't tell you that exactly. The High Commissioners handle the accounts. I think the machines cost about four hundred thousand pounds each, but I'm afraid that's only rumour."

"How many people are paid by Australia?"

"Eight, sir—that's the aircrew."

"How many are paid by the British Government?"

Group Captain Cox said, "Myself and the telephone girl, sir. The High Commissioners for Canada and for Australia are meeting the whole of the expenses of the Flight, except those which pertain expressly to the Royal Household."

"It seems to me a waste of money," said the Prime Minister.

An awkward silence followed. Lord Coles broke it by saying, "Well, let's have a look at it, now we're here. It won't take long."

"The gangway is just here, sir," said David, frigidly polite.

The Prime Minister paused once at the entrance to the Royal cabin, quietly furnished in dove-grey fabrics and silky oak veneers.

"Waste of money," he said again.

The wonders of design meant nothing to these men. In the pilot's cockpit the Secretary of State for Air said, "Where d'you keep the Very pistol?"

Vague memories of the equipment of early Army co-operation aircraft came to the pilot's mind. "Very pistol? We don't carry one of those."

"How do you signal to the folks on the ground, if you want to come down, like?"

"I don't think you'd do that, sir. We've got plenty of radio." It was difficult to commence from the beginning, to explain that travelling at fifty thousand feet no pyrotechnic could be seen, that an aircraft of that nature could not land in any field.

"You should have a Very pistol," said the Secretary of State. "See that he gets a Very pistol, Cox."

"Very good, sir."

Lord Coles turned to Mr. Jones. "You got to look after things yourself," he said. "If I'd not come this afternoon they might've gone without a Very pistol."

At last the visitors departed to drive back to London in their official car, and David was left in the office with his group captain. For a minute each found it difficult to make the first remark. At last, David smiled. "Cheer up," he said. "We've people like that in Australia."

"Maybe," said the group captain. "But not as Secretary of State for Air."

David went back to his office and sat in troubled thought for half an hour. Then he lifted the telephone and asked the girl to get Miss Long in the Assistant Secretary's office at the Palace.

She came on the line presently. "Hallo, Miss

They pulled in the mooring chain together. It was the beginning of a very happy day

Long," he said. "This is Nigger Anderson."

"Hallo, Nigger," she said. "Where are you speaking from?"

"White Waltham," he said. "We've just had Lord Coles down with the Prime Minister to have a look at the machines."

"Oh . . ." she said. "I don't think Major Macmahon knew that."

He said, "Will you have dinner with me, Rosemary? I want to talk to you."

"About your little friends, Nigger?"

"Yes. We might have dinner at the R.A.C. and go out to a picture afterwards."

She said, "I'd love to do that, but I don't know that I'm going to answer any questions. We don't gossip in this servants' hall, you know. When do you want to meet me?"

"Tomorrow night?"

"I'm free tomorrow night." They fixed the time, and rang off.

They met next night in the ladies' annexe of the club. He went forward to meet her. "It was good of you to come," he said. "I don't know that I've really got much to worry you about." He helped her out of her coat, and ordered a dry sherry and a tomato juice cocktail. "I've been looking at the movies," he said. "Have you seen *Red Coral*—Judy March?"

She shook her head. "They say it's awfully good."

He went to organize the seats, and when he came back to her they talked of unimportant things till it was time for them to go to dinner. The dining-room was fairly full, the tables close together; the girl glanced round her thoughtfully as she sat down. Over the oysters she said, "What's the first question, Commander?"

He smiled. "Can I start off by telling you what happened?"

"If you like," she said.

He gave her a short account of the events of the afternoon, making his story as dispassionate as he was able. As he talked, the girl glanced round the room once or twice. In the end he said: "Well, that's what happened. I didn't like it much."

"No," she replied. "I don't suppose you did."

David sat in thought for a minute. "I can see that there might be difficulties when Canada and Australia come forward to do things for the Crown which England can't afford to do, or doesn't want to do," he said at last. "Small difficulties. But he seemed so vindictive. . . ." He glanced at her. "I know I'm only here to fly the aeroplane. But if this sort of thing is going to happen, I'll have to know the general situation some time or other. I'd rather that you told me." He met her eyes. "Are things getting bad between the government and the Crown?"

She glanced around the crowded room again. "I can't possibly discuss that, Nigger," she said. "At any rate, not here."

"I don't want to press you to answer that," he said. "But I can tell you this, I'm going to find out how matters stand." He paused. "She's my Queen as well as yours," he said. "She's Queen of Australia as well as Queen of England. My government has sent me here to work for her, to work for our Queen. I'll have to know a little bit about her difficulties. I can go nosing round and listening to tittle-tattle, and putting two and two together. I'd get to know what's going on in no time. But I'd rather that you told me candidly, because you know."

"I'm not going to talk about it any more," she said. "There's John Llewellyn Davies sitting at the next table but one, and Henry Forbes over there. Let's talk about something different."

The names meant nothing to him, but he smiled and said, "All right."

Over the coffee in the lounge she said: "Are you very keen to see this movie?"

"Not particularly," he replied. "Do you want to do something else?"

"I've got a flat up on the top floor of a house in Dover Street," she said. "We could talk up there."

Her flat was in a house that stood between a hairdresser's shop and a chemist's. She let herself in with a latchkey. On the top floor she opened another door and they entered her sitting-room; another door led out of that to bedroom, kitchenette and bathroom.

She crossed to the fireplace and lit two reading-lamps beside the two chintz-covered armchairs. "Sit down and make yourself at home," she said. "I won't be a minute." She went into the bedroom and reappeared without her coat. "We'll have some coffee."

He went through to the kitchenette with her, and stood watching her slim grace as she made coffee for him, wondering how old she was. Twenty-six or twenty-seven, probably, he thought; she wore no rings. She looked up presently, and handed him a steaming cup.

"There are quite a few questions I'd like to ask you," he said. She said nothing as she went with him into the sitting-room. She turned on one element of an electric stove and they sat down in the armchairs.

Presently she said: "You'll have to understand the general situation, David. If you understand that thoroughly, I don't think there'll be any need for us to talk about the details, because you'll understand those, too—as much as you'll need to. What's the population of Australia?"

"About twenty-seven million, I think," he replied. "It goes up every year."

She nodded. "I think that's about right. Canada has about thirty-two million people, and she's still increasing fast. Britain has thirty-eight million people, and she's still going down, decreasing at the rate of nearly a million a year."

"That's right," he said. "As I understand it, about three hundred thousand immigrants a year come from England to Australia and New Zealand, about four hundred thousand go to Canada, and the rest go to Africa and the colonies."

"That's right," she said. She paused. "I think the first thing is the sort of people that these immigrants are. A man who leaves his country to go to Australia gives up everything he knows, gives up what security he's got at home in England. He knows that if he fails in life he may be much worse off in Canada or in Australia than he would be if he stayed here at home. He goes because he likes that sort of chance."

He looked at her profile as she stared at the electric fire. She had very clean features, with a warm brown tint to her skin that probably came from the Solent.

"All countries go through good patches and bad patches," she said thoughtfully, "and England has been going through a bad patch for the last forty years. It's probably not far from the end now. When we can feed our own population things will suddenly improve, and the economists say that's only about five years ahead. But in the meantime we've got to work together to get through."

She turned her head to face him. He met her clear grey eyes, and he was suddenly delighted to be sitting here with her, engaged in this serious conversation. He was far happier than if they had been at the movies.

"And now you've got to try and understand what an illogical people the English are," she said. "The Crown rules by divine right, and that's still the essence of the Crown's position in this country. That right conflicts entirely with all the principles of a democracy. Any other people but the British would have done away with the Crown long ago, but the British aren't like that. They love their kings and queens. The British people won't have the Crown touched. They won't even have the Royal Palaces touched. When the government tried to put the Inland Revenue into Hampton Court in 1960 it brought down the government. It was the Queen who gave up Balmoral and Sandringham for economy, and the British people didn't like that much. The British people are completely Royalist at heart."

He smiled. "It's a good thing for us all that they're like that," he said. "If it wasn't for the Queen, we wouldn't have much in common with England."

She nodded. "The old King and the present Queen have been terribly wise," she said. "They've held the Commonwealth together when everything was set for a break-up. They've done a magnificent job."

"English scientists, and English engineers, and the Queen," he said. "Those are the things that we like and admire in England. We don't think a fat lot of your governments."

"No. . . ." She turned and stared at the fire again. "And now this matter of the voting has come up. You've experimented in your States and found what seems to be a better system of democracy. It would mean great changes here."

"I bet it would," he said cynically. "You wouldn't get a nit-wit like Lord Coles in charge of the Royal Air Force. People like that could hardly get elected to our House of Representatives. They'd never get made ministers."

She smiled at him, and he was glad of it because he was afraid that he might have offended her. "You can't expect Iorwerth Jones to look at it like that. The people have put him where he is upon the one-man-one-vote principle. He believes in that principle, because he believes that he's the best man in the country to be Prime Minister. He probably believes this multiple vote talk to be a trick to get him out of office. He probably believes that Australian and Canadian politicians are behind the pressure

Continued on page 32

John Quayle, pied piper of Liverpool

by ALAN PRICE

He plays no magic flute to clear ships and warehouses of rats and other pests. His weapon is silent and deadly—poison gas

Before fumigation, Quayle seals every crevice. Once, he was overcome himself. "I was back at work next day," he says. "With cyanide, you're either dead or alive—there's nothing between"

WHEN HIS ASSISTANT pointed to a dead rat, John Quayle was not at all surprised. Wearing respirators, they were opening ports in a grain ship to let out the deadly cyanide gas with which it had just been fumigated, and dead rats were precisely what they expected to find. Quayle was about to open the port in another of the interconnecting cabins when his assistant shouted.

"I thought he'd found another rat in the cabin he was clearing, and didn't take much notice," says Quayle. "Then he dragged me inside and there, stretched across the floor, was the body of a young man."

Before the gas had been released, the ship had been thoroughly searched, and the Port Health Inspector was satisfied that no one was aboard. Even in the cabins there seemed to be no possible hiding place. How had the dead man evaded the searchers?

The mystery was solved by examining the fine white powder which, as in all grain ships, covered the cabin floor. "Footmarks showed that he had crammed himself into a narrow locker," says Quayle. "When the gas was released, he'd come out and, partially overcome, had tried to hold himself up against a chest of drawers. Marks in the powder showed where his fingers had gradually slipped away." The ship was bound for Canada. Only four days out of prison, the stowaway had hoped to start a new life there. At the inquest, the coroner returned a verdict of accidental death.

Gas Knocked Him Out

"Fumigation," says Quayle, "is a dangerous business—and we never forget it." Besides wearing respirators, operators keep in pairs within hailing distance of each other and always take a first-aid kit and oxygen apparatus.

Nevertheless, accidents happen. Cyanide is so poisonous that it may knock a man unconscious before he can call for help. When the concentration is sufficiently high, it may even be absorbed through the pores.

Quayle himself has had several whiffs of gas. His closest escape came when he was fumigating a warehouse with Tom Clarke, one of his firm's directors. They were throwing tins of cyanide absorbed in gypsum over sacks of grain piled twelve feet high. "Some of it fell back on us," says Quayle, "and thirty feet from the entrance I began to feel queer. Mr. Clarke managed to drag me out, but I was unconscious when I reached fresh air." He adds: "With cyanide, you're either dead or alive; there's nothing in between. I was back at work next morning."

At fifty-two, Quayle is greying and philosophical, with a quiet sense of humour. He has worked since 1932 for Hivey's, a Liverpool pest control firm which specializes in large-scale fumigation. Today, as a charge-hand, he has fumigated such ships as the Mauritania, Caronia, Empress of Canada, Dunnottar Castle, Reina del Pacifico and every type of naval vessel except a battleship. He has also fumigated houses, warehouses, hotels, mills and canteens.

Ships Must Be Treated

Between outside jobs, Quayle fumigates portable objects in the company's gas chambers in Liverpool, Belfast and London. Before the war there was a constant demand for the fumigation, in specially adapted vans, of furniture belonging to slum-dwellers who were being transferred to new houses. Today, the demand is small.

Ship fumigation is compulsory. Each has normally to be fumigated before the maiden voyage, and again every six months. Ships are also fumigated for bugs, steam flies and various kinds of cargo pests. In warehouses, the pests are usually insects—weevil in grain, cigarette beetle and the larvae of cocoa moth in tobacco.

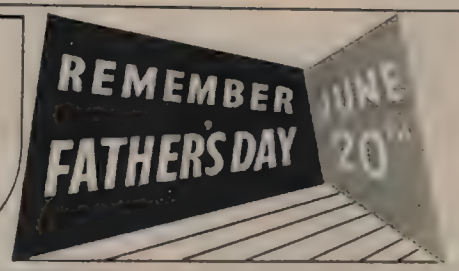
On one occasion, Dennis Hivey, an ex-schoolteacher who is a director and son of the founder

Continued on page 26

June 20 is

FATHER'S DAY

Choose his gift here!



A "MATCHLESS" PRESENT

The **MOSDA** "500" LIGHTER

"PRESS . . . and it lights RELEASE . . . and it closes"

A smooth-as-silk action with a foolproof patented double rachet wheel system. Thoroughly reliable and superbly finished, it is first class value at a price you can afford.

3 YEARS FREE SERVICE

WRITTEN GUARANTEE with every lighter

All pocket lighters are heavily finished in chromium-plate with a choice of several handsome engine turned designs.

STREAMLINE "500." Slim and elegant—the lighter that everyone is asking for.

STANDARD "500." The world's most popular shaped pocket lighter, suitable for everybody.

also available

SPORTS "500"	22/-
SUPER "500"	22/6
"500" LIGHTER CASE	53/-
PERMANENT GLASS WICK	4½d.

obtainable from all good tobacconists and fancy goods dealers.

PRICE **19/6**

Coronation Souvenir

It is still possible to obtain a souvenir of this historic year. The Standard and Streamline Models, embossed with an engraving of the Crown on one side and the head of Her Majesty the Queen on the other plus wording applicable to the Coronation, are obtainable at no extra cost.

Enquiries from wholesalers direct to

MOSDA LTD. 47-48 FREDERICK ST., BIRMINGHAM, 1

20 *for* **3/7**

First class quality

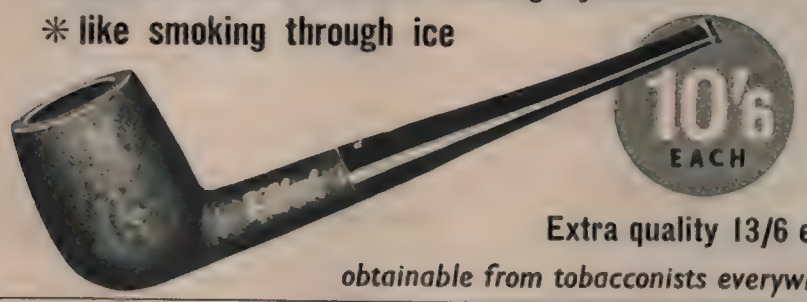
'THREE THREES'

CIGARETTES

made by State Express

Give him a Dr PLUMB

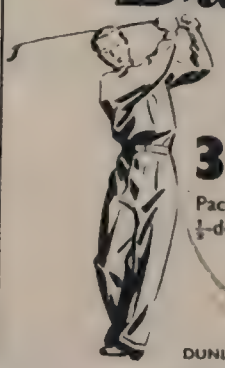
* Father's favourite pipe
* fitted with the famous cooling system
* like smoking through ice



Extra quality 13/6 each

obtainable from tobacconists everywhere

There's nothing he'd like better than *Dunlop* GOLF BALLS



DUNLOP '65'

The ball played by the 'Open' champion

3/4 EACH

Packed in one dozen, ½-dozen boxes and a special 3-ball gift pack

DUNLOP 'WARWICK'

2/4½ EACH

In boxes for one dozen and ½-dozen

DUNLOP SPORTS COMPANY LIMITED, 20 NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1

35G/10

SWITZERLAND'S BEST *DIRECT TO YOU*

RICHARD *100% Automatic*

Insured against loss and theft. Fully guaranteed.

THE WATCH THAT WINDS ITSELF

The greatest advance in watchcraft of the century!

with the Luxury Stainless Steel Expanding Bracelet. £25.12.6 or £5 down and 48 payments of **10/-** weekly

Displayed at the House of Richard, 199 Regent Street, London, W.1

SO PERFECT . . . SO PRECISE . . . SO HANDSOME . . . that nothing can do it justice but a

FREE TRIAL AT OUR EXPENSE

Richard Swiss Watches Ltd., Dept. W.U., 199 Regent Street, London, W.1
Also at Morges, Switzerland, New York, Brussels.

Send me, for a Free 10-day trial, one Richard 100 per cent automatic watch—man's model or lady's model—finest 17-jewel movement antimagnetic, shock resistant, waterproof stainless steel case, exclusive "Unilux" dial with raised numerals, luminous by night. In ten days I will send you the cash price of £25.12.6 or commence payment of the credit terms as indicated below, or I will return watch by registered post in perfect condition.

CREDIT TERMS: A. In 4 monthly payments of £8.10.0, or B. £5 down and 12 monthly instalments of £2, or C. £5 down and 48 monthly payments of 10s.

Underline payment and model desired. I attach slip giving full name and address.

SIGNATURE_____DATE_____

A LIFETIME OF AUTOMATIC PRECISION

SEND NO MONEY

BY APPOINTMENT WINE MERCHANTS TO THE LATE KING GEORGE VI

"Look who's here!"

SANDEMAN PORT & SHERRY

"You'll like it"

JUNE 20TH REMEMBER FATHER'S DAY

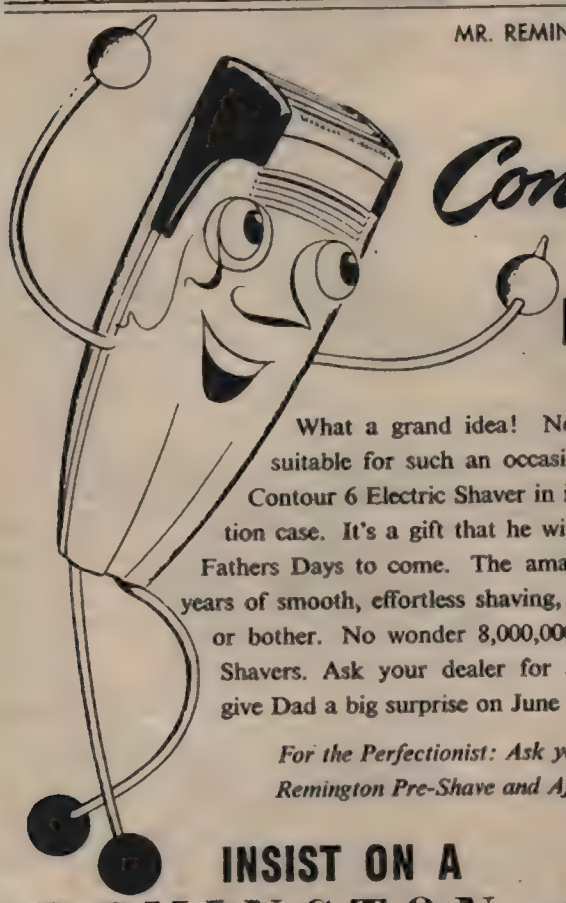
June 20 is

FATHER'S DAY

Choose his gift here!

MR. REMINGTON says:

Give Dad a *Contour 6* for Fathers Day



What a grand idea! Nothing could be more suitable for such an occasion than a Remington Contour 6 Electric Shaver in its handsome presentation case. It's a gift that he will appreciate for many Fathers Days to come. The amazing Contour 6 gives years of smooth, effortless shaving, without blades, lather or bother. No wonder 8,000,000 men use Remington Shavers. Ask your dealer for a demonstration—and give Dad a big surprise on June 20.

For the Perfectionist: Ask your dealer also for Remington Pre-Shave and After-Shave lotions.

INSIST ON A

REMINGTON *Contour 6*

ELECTRIC SHAVER

AND MAKE SHAVING A PLEASURE

Remington Rand Ltd. (Dealer Wholesale Division) 1-19 New Oxford Street, W.C.1.

WHAT'S DAD'S LINE?

RUGGED INDIVIDUALIST?

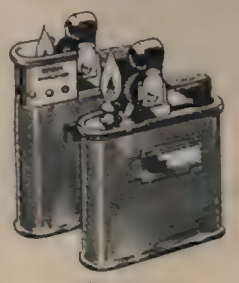
One of the best methods of satisfying an individualist is to give him a Ronson—all the best individualists have them! Say the Standard below, 38/6.

PIPE-SMOKING STRATEGIST?

For Fathers with Pipes a Ronson Super Sports with extra fuel capacity is wonderfully good family tactics. Below, 50/-.

COLOSSUS OF SPORT?

Specially recommended for Great Sporting Fathers is the Ronson Whirlwind, which has a telescopic windshield and lights outdoors in any weather.
Below, from 43/6.



No father is complete without a **RONSON**

WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER

FOR YOUR OWN PROTECTION—LOOK FOR THE TRADE MARK RONSON

How little can a good watch cost?

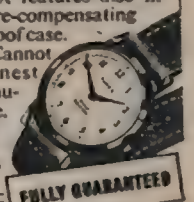
TO PUT it another way—how do we manage to offer you this splendid new range of TIMEX shock resistant wrist-watches at such easy-to-afford prices? There are three answers. TIMEX are made in an ultra-modern factory where top-efficiency lowers costs. They are made on the same high-precision machines used for making high-priced watches. They are British-made and free from duty. See these handsome, wonderfully reliable watches at your jeweller's. *Compare them, try them on, judge for yourself!*

Special Timex features

Every TIMEX has a revolutionary V-Conic escapement which gives the watch tremendous strength where most watches are weakest. TIMEX features also include:—Temperature-compensating hair-spring. Dustproof case. Unbreakable glass. Cannot be overwound. Finest leather strap. Manufacturer's Guarantee.

LADIES' & MEN'S *from* **47/6**

In chromium or 'Algold' cases, luminous or non-luminous



FULLY GUARANTEED

SHOCK RESISTANT

TIMEX

Send for illustrated leaflet to:

U.K. TIME LIMITED, 49, OLD BOND STREET, W.1.

The gift that goes to his head...

BRYLCREEM

THE PERFECT HAIRDRESSING

Ask for Brylcreem, in tubs 4/1, 2/3 and 1/6, or handy tubes 2/3.

When water is—

wetter!

When the surface tension of water is reduced you get a better shave. The wetting agent in Corvette does this. Corvette goes further, gives you a cleaner shave, softer face, because *everything* that goes into Corvette is good. Stick 2/9, Lather Cream 2/9, Brushless 2/9, Bowl 5/3. Goya (Men's Division) 161 New Bond Street, London, W.1.

June 20th—start Father's Day off the right way—give him Corvette!

Corvette

shaves Father better

of Hivey's, was asked if he could deal with an infestation of *Gibbium psylloides*, an insect he had never heard of before. One of the textbooks of entomology which he keeps within arm's reach told him that it was a species of spider-beetle which feeds on the oil in raw cotton and lives in cracks in walls and floors.

"We took it on," he says, "but it was a difficult job. New flooring had been laid on top of the old and the walls were newly plastered and painted. We couldn't fumigate, so we decided to tackle the pest by spraying. In three months, only an odd insect was seen."

In the past, Hivey's have been called on to deal with several unfamiliar infestations. Sometimes, the operation has passed into their normal repertoire; at others, the pest has not appeared again. One pest which became prevalent before the war was the white furniture mite.

"It appeared as a white dust on the leather coverings of chairs," says Dennis Hivey. "The housewife would dust it, but a week or so later it would appear again. When she looked at the dust more closely she would find that it moved. We found we could eradicate it by fumigating the furniture twice at an interval of three weeks. We haven't had a case since the war, probably because the fibre which carries the pest hasn't been imported."

Worm-eaten House

The various species of insects known to the layman as woodworm are constantly recurring. Though these can sometimes be dealt with by brushing the woodwork with a liquid insecticide, fumigation is the only certain method. Often, it is only when a client asks for his property to be examined that the full extent of the infestation becomes apparent.

"One man had recently bought a house," says Dennis Hivey, "and when he had a few alterations made, the contractor told him he had a slight infestation of woodworm. He called us in and we sent Quayle to make a report. The place was riddled so badly that I went along myself with a surveyor. He found that some of the timbers were weakened and would have to be replaced. It must have cost our client hundreds of pounds."

About three-quarters of Quayle's time is spent on ships, of which Hivey's fumigate an average of twenty a month. On most ships, Quayle works with two assistants. He goes through the ship closing all ports and outside doors and opening lockers, drawers and inside doors so that the gas can circulate freely. Since

"If you've seen one baby, you've seen the lot, I always say . . ."

it absorbs cyanide, drinking water is emptied. For the same reason, damp and fatty foods are sealed in the ship's refrigerator, but dry foods such as sugar and tea may be left out.

Fires are drawn, the electricity supply disconnected and ladders and gangways hauled up. Meanwhile, a shore-gang covers ventilators, funnels and hatches. Quayle now pipes the parts of the ship to be fumigated with rubber pressure hosing, into which nozzles have been tapped every thirty feet.

An hour before fumigation is to begin, the Port Health Inspectors arrive and search the ship for "unauthorized persons."

"On one big passenger ship," recalls Quayle, "we found a cabin locked and the key missing. We hammered on the door and shouted, but nobody answered. Finally, we burst the door open. To our utter amazement, we found two frightened apprentices inside — too frightened at being discovered in a first-class cabin to acknowledge our shouts."

When they are satisfied that no one is below, Quayle and the mate sign a certificate that all the regulations have been observed. "At this stage," says Quayle, "Mr. Clarke gives the word and we turn on the compressed air which drives the cyanide out of the applicators and through the pipes."

After the cyanide has been pumped into the ship—"a twenty-five thousand ton ship can be put under gas in twenty-five minutes," says Clarke—Quayle and his assistants wait on board. Two guards, one at each end of the only permitted gangway, see that no one boards the ship. As a ship may not be declared gas-free for anything up to twenty-four hours, Quayle frequently works long hours of overtime. On the Georgic recently, he worked without a break from 7 a.m. on Friday to Saturday noon.

Final Test For Gas

After two to six hours—the time varies according to the pest to be destroyed—Quayle and his assistants don respirators and go through the ship opening ports and ship-side doors. As soon as the engine-room is clear, the chief engineer returns and starts the ship's fans to speed the ventilation.

Finally, Quayle goes through the ship testing for gas with narrow strips of filter paper soaked in a mixture which turns blue when gas is present. "The danger-points," says Tom Clarke, "are engine-room tunnels and refrigerated holds." When Quayle is satisfied that the ship is gas-free, he issues a certificate to the mate and hands back the ship.

The managing director of Hivey's is white-haired William Hivey, who founded the firm in 1932. "Fumigation of ships really started some time before the first World War," he says, "when Australia and New Zealand required ships to be fumigated for rats. There are records of ships being occasionally fumigated with sulphur as far back as Elizabethan times."

Like Quayle, all the men who work for Hivey's came to the firm on the personal recommendation of someone already there. Today, a skilled operator can make well over £10 a week, including overtime.

Occasionally, circumstances make it impossible to exterminate a pest by fumigation. Recently Quayle was worried by an extremely persistent swarm of ants which invaded the dining-room of a nurses' home.

End Of The Ants

"I tried everything I could think of," he says. "It kept them away for a week or two; then one day the nurses would sit down for a meal and find the table black with them. Finally we traced the nest and destroyed it. The infestation was completely cleaned up."

In such cases he uses a mixture of pyrethrum and D.D.T. "The pyrethrum has a quick knock-out effect, and makes the customer think we've done something," says Clarke. "The D.D.T. is slower in action but lasts over a long period. By mixing them, we get the advantages of both."

Quayle has an instrument or cure for almost any contingency. A large spray for D.D.T. effectively inoculates a room against flies. A form of gun with a sulphur-type cartridge kills rats in their burrows.

When a warehouse is infested with rats, he and his assistants spread spoonfuls of mashed bread on every floor, marking with chalk the places where they leave it. "Next morning, by calculating how much has been eaten, we can tell how many rats there are and where." For the next two or three days they continue to lay bread. On the fourth, they lay bread mashed with poison.

Even the best systems are not perfect, however. "People are never satisfied," says Quayle. "You kill forty-eight rats out of fifty, and then they see an odd one. They're on the phone straight away to complain."

He recalls an occasion when William Hivey boarded a ship to see how he was progressing. The fumigation was over and he was waiting for the gas to clear. "As Mr. Hivey spoke," he says, "a rat bobbed up from somewhere and sat just behind him. It must have been hiding in a coil of rope on the open deck."

THE END

UNBROKEN

Continued from page 16

investigate the train project, do Wilson's operation, bombard a railway siding, and then return to the viaduct. Quite a lark.

Before we sailed, Tiger Fenton, our "spare" officer, was taken from us. It was pointed out that he had been extra to our complement, and there were plenty of demands for him from undermanned submarines. By way of compensation we were given a fully qualified cook. This not only guaranteed a higher standard of meals, but meant that we would have a trained baker to provide us with bread when stocks ran out.

By tea-time on August 31 we were ready for sea, and Shrimp Simpson came to wave *au revoir*. With him was Joe Martin, who yelled across the water: "Lend me a fiver before you go. You won't need it." I thought it better not to have heard this, so I ordered "Half astern together" and felt the familiar trembling of the engines beneath me.

Wilson was accompanied on Operation Folboat by Bombadier Brittlebank, a huge, solid, powerful man, of the type you want to have on your own side in a rough house. It was obvious that he would follow Wilson to hell and back. Tug had none of Brittlebank's muscular bulk, being a slim and wiry fellow, radiating confidence. The two of them spent most of their time testing their weapons, of which they had a miniature armoury —three mobile limpets, Sten guns, grenades, knives and pistols.

For our part we carried only one item of gear apart from two folboats—a batch of dummy periscopes which we were to drop overboard in the southern approaches to Messina. Realistic-looking jobs, they would float around and create a jolly little panic when spotted.

On September 3, we dived at 5 a.m. and closed the shore towards the town of Taormina in the shadow of Mount Etna. We found the River D'Argo and approached to within a mile and a half of the beach.

An Impossible Target

Here we saw that the viaduct was a gleaming modern affair with steel trestles resting on concrete piles. To my disgust, however, there was no water beneath the viaduct, only sand. Either the previous observers had seen it when the river was in spate, or they had been far out at sea and were deceived by the curvature of the earth. Since I could think of no way of making a torpedo cross land, the project had to be abandoned. Flushed with the success of the previous patrol, we were not unduly upset by this minor setback.

In a way, Tug Wilson and Brittlebank were disturbing passengers, for both were possessed of an all-consuming and morbid passion for their weapons of destruction. They crooned over them with the possessive love of unhappy mothers; oiling, testing, polishing, sharpening and adjusting. They seemed to regard sleeping and eating as no more than unfortunate necessities—cruel periods of parting from their adored ones. It was all very queer.

Bristled With Danger

The plan for Wilson's operation was quite straightforward on paper, but was going to bristle with dangers in the execution. The R.A.F. photographs that I had been given showed a 2,500-ton merchant vessel lying alongside the inner wall of the larger artificial harbour of Cotrone. This was to be the target for Wilson's mobile limpet. We were to examine Cotrone from periscope depth by day, measure the current, and then, when dark, launch Wilson and Brittlebank on their adventure.

Our two passengers would be exposed to the greater hazards, of course, but it was not going to be too comfortable for the Unbroken. For, unlike "neutral" Antibes, where we had carried out our secret operation with Peter Churchill, Cotrone was an actively hostile port, and I did not relish the thought of loitering there. However, it had to be done, and that was that.

The activity around Cotrone was confirmed as soon as we crept towards the port early in the morning of September 5. Through the periscope I could see that the town was dominated by a large chemical factory which belched bilious yellow smoke over the harbour. Beyond the top of the mole it was possible to see, some two miles off, the masts of two ships.

This was better than we had hoped, for either would make an excellent target for Wilson and Brittlebank, and the fact that they were probably in the process of being loaded with chemicals would add considerably to the explosive destruction of a successful attack. I felt a pang of envy, for I would have liked a crack at the factory myself. A few three-inch bricks in the right spot might have blown the whole place to kingdom come.

Planned To Canoe Home

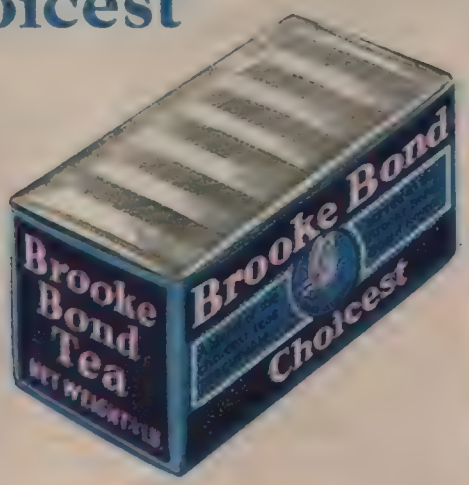
During that day we kept watch on the town, observing the heavy rail and road traffic. Wilson scribbled cryptic notes on a writing pad. Finally he had everything worked out. He indicated the spot where we were to launch him, and made yet another check of the gear to be crammed into the folboat. It would be a heavy load, for apart from two men and three mobile limpets, the canvas craft would be weighed down with pistols, light automatic weapons, grenades, torches, and eight days' supply of food and water.

Wilson's plan, if he failed to keep his return rendezvous with the Unbroken, was to paddle back to Malta—about two hundred and forty miles! "If driven to it," he told me, "I'll take a coastwise course along

I like the saving in
'Dividend'

P.G.Tips *for me!*

I'm all for the extra quality
in **'Choicest'**



and they've all got

Brooke Bond freshness

Brooke Bond tea is shipped to this country in lined, sealed chests to keep its tea-garden freshness; *and remember, Brooke Bond have thousands of acres of their own tea gardens—more than any other firm of tea distributors in the world.*

Every week *fresh* stocks are rushed to grocers in city, town and village by the Brooke Bond fleet of familiar red vans.

FRESHER BECAUSE DELIVERED QUICKER

'TWO LEAVES AND A BUD.' *The symbol of Brooke Bond service throughout the world.*

Nurse Busy-Bonnet (*such a healthy, jolly young nurse*) always has Weetabix (*and she insists on it for her patients!*)

Mothers too, find that this delicious whole-wheat breakfast cereal gives them — and all the family — that vital morning "staying power". It is, besides, the most economical of all breakfast foods.

Weetabix

For breakfast . . .
fine for snacks and supper too.

JOHN BULL READERS SEND THIS COUPON FOR SAMPLE PACKET AND RECIPE LEAFLET

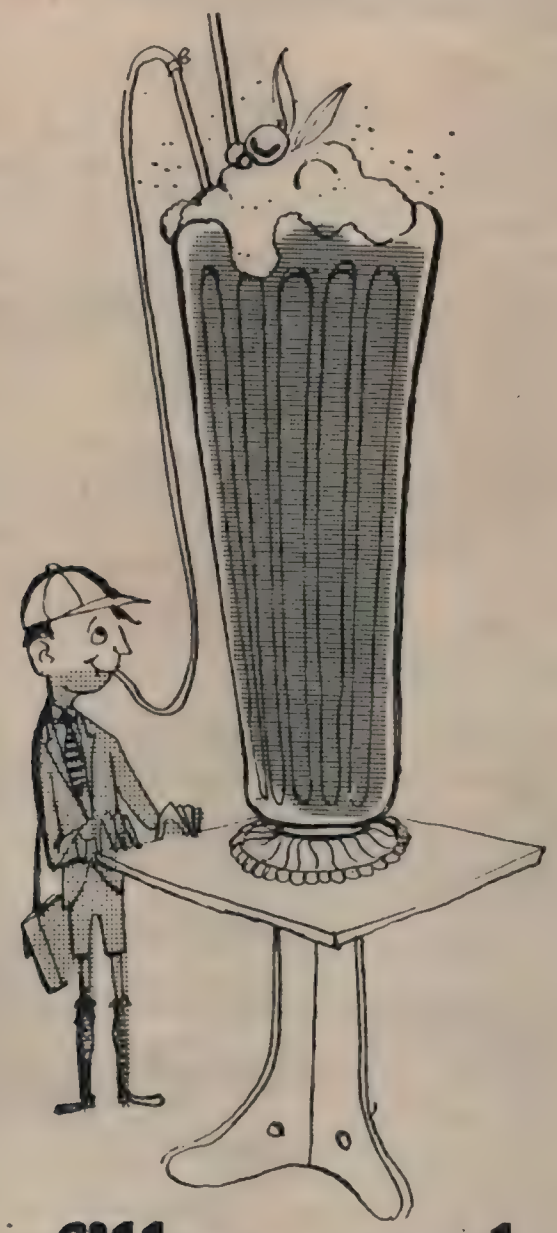
To Mrs. Marjorie Crisp, Department 3M, Constantia House, Burton Latimer, Northants. Please send me a copy of "Ever-useful Weetabix" and Sample Packet.

Post coupon in an unsealed 1½d stamped envelope.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

TOWN..... *COUNTY*.....



fill up and
feel the difference

One of the pleasantest things to Shell is the way it is making so many new friends among the younger motorists—as well as keeping the old friends who are delighted to have it back. News of a petrol that proves by results always travels round—and no matter where you travel in Britain . . .

YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL PREMIUM

Italy's sole, down the east coast of Sicily to Cape Passero, then hop the fifty miles across to Malta overnight."

The day passed quietly until 7 p.m. Then, to my disgust, I saw one of the ships leaving harbour, escorted by E-boats. I summoned Wilson to the control-room and beckoned him to the periscope.

"Our targets look as though they're on the move. If they both come out your little caper will be off. I'll have to go instead with torpedoes."

Wilson grunted. It was obvious he wanted the job of sinking the merchantmen all to himself.

I took the periscope from him. I watched carefully, and was able to announce: "It's all right, the other one's staying in."

"This game's too full of climax and anti-climax," murmured Archdale, my armament officer. "I'm sure it's playing havoc with my health and strength."

Agony Of Waiting

We laughed, and the tension eased. For the next two hours we stooged around, and at 9 p.m. surfaced in calm water seven miles from the harbour's breakwater. A special asdic and hydrophone watch was set for enemy patrol craft, and extra look-outs were placed on the bridge. We gave the batteries the biggest charge the generators could produce, and shortly before eleven I ordered: "Open fore hatch. Up folboat."

Again we experienced that agony of waiting as we wallowed helpless and exposed. I peered into the still, moonless night while the folboat party hauled the clumsy canvas to the casing. All was quiet and dark, save for an occasional dull red glow from a factory chimney.

"Fore hatch shut and clipped, sir."

"Lash the boat and clear the casing."

This done, we trimmed down to reduce silhouette.

"Group down. Full ahead together."

As we approached the breakwater, Wilson joined me on the bridge. "I've decided to negotiate the passage through the main boom, not the breakwater," he told me. "They may have blocked the breakwater. If you can get to a mile off the end of the breakwater, I should say the job will take us no more than an hour and twenty minutes."

Impudent Folboatmen

Once his limpets struck home the alarm would be given. It would take him twenty minutes to get back to us, and all that while he would be hunted with every device at the enemy's disposal, including searchlights and E-boats. The Italians had often been attacked by impudent folboatmen, and their thoughts would immediately fly to a submarine lurking beyond the breakwater. I knew that Wilson and Brittlebank would do all they could to make their attack succeed, even though success diminished their chances of survival, and I felt an uncomfortable lump in my throat.

By now we could smell the acrid smoke from the factory chimneys.

"Slow together."

"Fifteen cables to go, sir." Thirsk's voice sounded strange as it came up the voice-pipe.

"All right. Give me ten, seven, five, then each cable. Tell the first lieutenant to get the casing party up to prepare to launch the boat."

The night had cleared a little. Stars could be seen high in the heavens, and a few dim lights stared from the darkness. It was still very quiet. The casing party moved quickly and silently in plimsolls. Brittlebank went below to collect the gear and provisions.

"Five cables."

The end of the breakwater loomed up dead ahead.

"Stop both."

As we came to a standstill the folboat was launched. After I wished Brittlebank *au revoir* he climbed down to the casing.

I turned to Wilson. "We're close enough now. You've a mile to go due west for the end of the breakwater. When you've left I'm going to turn round and take a position three thousand yards from the end of the breakwater. This will give us a better chance in the event of being hemmed in by patrol craft. If you fail to make this rendezvous because we've been chased away, steer due east to the dawn rendezvous five miles off the breakwater. If we do not meet there, continue due east and we'll be on that line."

"That's fine."

"Well, so long and good luck."

A quick handshake and he was over the bridge and on to the casing. Silently the two men manned their boat and disappeared into the night. The Unbroken gathered sternway.

Vigil In The Dark

We turned and took up our amended position, and Archdale, Signalman Osborne, the two look-outs and myself began our vigil. Apart from the lapping of the sea against our side, the Mediterranean night was quiet and still. Our ears strained to catch any unusual noise, although there was no guarantee we would hear the limpets strike home. Wilson had argued that the breakwater, plus the special construction of the limpets, would muffle the explosion.

The minutes ticked by. Wilson and Brittlebank had left at 11.40 p.m. We expected them back at one o'clock.

To our annoyance the chemical factory started to lay down a heavy screen of acrid smoke. I cursed, for if it became too thick we would not be able to see the flash of Wilson's torch when he signalled his return.

Midnight. Restless, one of the look-outs started to hum softly the opening bars of "Rule Britannia," broke into the "Toreador's Song" from *Carmen*, then lapsed into unhappy silence. I lowered my glasses to rest my aching eyes and I wished I could light a cigarette.

The night remained unhappily quiet. Had their overladen folboat been sunk? Were they prisoners of the Italians? Were E-boats preparing for a sudden dash from the harbour, with searchlight crews ready to bathe the sea in light? I rubbed a hand across my eyes. *If I go on thinking like this I'll be cracking up.*

NEXT WEEK: We go gunning for Rommel's supply ships

INSIDE DARTMOOR

The authentic story of life in Britain's grimmest prison . . . by a man who was there for three years

BEGINS IN JOHN BULL JULY 4

"Well, here goes for a good old beer—me for beer. I'm having a beer. What are you having?"

LUCKY JACK SOLOMONS

Continued from page 19

knocked out Green in two rounds for a purse of sixteen shillings and sixpence.

Evidently the matchmaker was pleased, for a fortnight later the real Harry Grossman received another post-card offering him a fight against Harry Berry. Once again Solomons took his place, and this time won by a knock-out in the fourth round. Unfortunately, a dark-eyed beauty named Fanny Golding, to whom Solomons had become attached, heard about it and made him promise never to fight again. Disconsolate, he went back to his fish.

Six months later he broke his promise. Brother-in-law Brooks, then in the R.A.M.C. at Southampton, had been booked to fight at the local drill-hall but was having difficulty finding an opponent. For £7 10s. and his fare, Solomons offered himself. After taking elaborate precautions so that Fanny would know nothing of the fight, he appeared under the name of Kid Mears. But it was no use. Completely unmindful of their relationship, Brooks knocked him out in the fifth round and sent him home with two black eyes.

"It's me or fighting," said Fanny when she saw him. "You can't have both." Solomons chose Fanny. With the £7 10s. he bought her an engagement present of a half-sovereign piece suspended from a fine gold chain. A year later, when Solomons was nineteen, they married.

First Promoting Venture

For the next twelve years he worked hard at the fish business and divided his spare time between watching boxing and greyhound racing. One day in 1931, Joe Morris, a boxing manager, asked if he would like to join a syndicate of four in buying up an old church in Devonshire Street, Hackney, and converting it into a sports arena-cum-dance hall. Solomons agreed.

While they were waiting for it to be converted, Morris suggested promoting a show at the Clapton Stadium to give them experience and raise capital for their main project. He had already lined up Johnny King and Dick Corbett for the British bantam-weight championship. "We'll have seats from one-and-tenpence to a guinea," he said. "It can't fail."

Studying the seating plan, Solomons had to agree. Advance bookings came in fast, and even when Morris decided to withdraw his interest, Solomons was still sanguine. A huge crowd outside the Stadium on the night of the show seemed to confirm his optimism. But when they started to pour in, all wanted cheap seats. What Solomons had failed to notice was that success depended entirely on their selling all the seats. "The ringside," he says, "was like a Sahara. My first show cost me £275."

That setback partly prepared him for what was to come at the Devonshire Sporting Club, as the converted church was called when it was opened six months later. Even with prices at sevenpence and a shilling on Friday nights and 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. on Sundays, the syndicate lost money.

First Joe Morris dropped out; then the other two. When their successors also decided to sell their shares, Solomons bought them to save the trouble of floating another syndicate.

Gradually, the tide turned. At purses of up to £6, he built up a stable of local boxers who fought their way from the bottom of the bill to national fame—such boxers as Billy Walker, George Markwick, Harry Lazar, Kid Silver, Tiny Bostock, Johnny Softly and Alby Day.

Prices Gamble Came Off

As they climbed, Solomons had to import stronger boxers to fight them. His Sunday prices went up to 1s. 6d. and 3s. 6d. When Kid Berg returned from America, Solomons signed him for a percentage of the gate, which worked out at £68 10s. After four years, he felt strong enough to stage the Pat Palmer v. Dave Kellar Southern Area flyweight title contest.

His next gamble, the Southern Area lightweight championship between Harry Mizler and Alby Day, cost him £275 in purse money—a sum he could guarantee only by raising the seat prices to 2s. 6d. in the balcony and a guinea at the ringside. To his surprise and delight, the net profit came to £48.

One day Jack Hart, the referee, mentioned that he had seen a promising youngster in a show at Peterborough. "He's only sixteen," said Hart. "Name of Boon. Fights as Boy Boon. I've never seen such a natural fighter."

Solomons immediately wrote to offer him a fight of six two-minute rounds for thirty shillings. On the night of the fight, he was standing by the Club entrance when a baby-faced boy with tawny hair and deepset eyes tore up on a bicycle, braked sharply and parked it against the railings by the box office.

"You can't leave it there," said Solomons brusquely. The youngster looked askance. "But I'm fighting here," he said. "I'm Boy Boon." He had cycled down from his home in Chatteris, Cambridgeshire. Chatteris is eighty miles from London. On that night, sixteen-year-old Eric Boon boxed six rounds and cycled back.

Although the fight was a draw, Boon was so popular with the audience that Solomons booked him for a number of fights over the next twelve months at

"Smooth" IS THE KEY WORD

says ANDRÉ SIMON,
President of the Wine and Food Society.

smooth like
Château d'Yquem '29*
smooth like
'a fine cigarette
made smoother
by cork'

"There are many good wines, young and lively, to drink for our stomach's sake and for our many other infirmities . . . But there are not so many great wines: wines of noble birth and mellowed by age, that warm our heart and sharpen our wit; their greeting is *smooth*, and *smooth* their farewell, which is the secret of their charm and appeal."

* Chosen by André Simon as an outstandingly *smooth* wine.

In Craven 'A', cork tips and fine tobacco combine to give you the smoothest smoking you've ever known. The firm feel of cork between the lips is an extra pleasure in itself. Cork cannot stick, cannot slip and it keeps the end of the cigarette firm and dry and easy-drawing to the last.

Every Craven 'A' smoker enjoys fine cigarettes made smoother by cork

Smooth to the lips . . .
Smooth to the taste . . . *Smooth* to the throat

Feel GREEN Kolynos freshen your mouth!

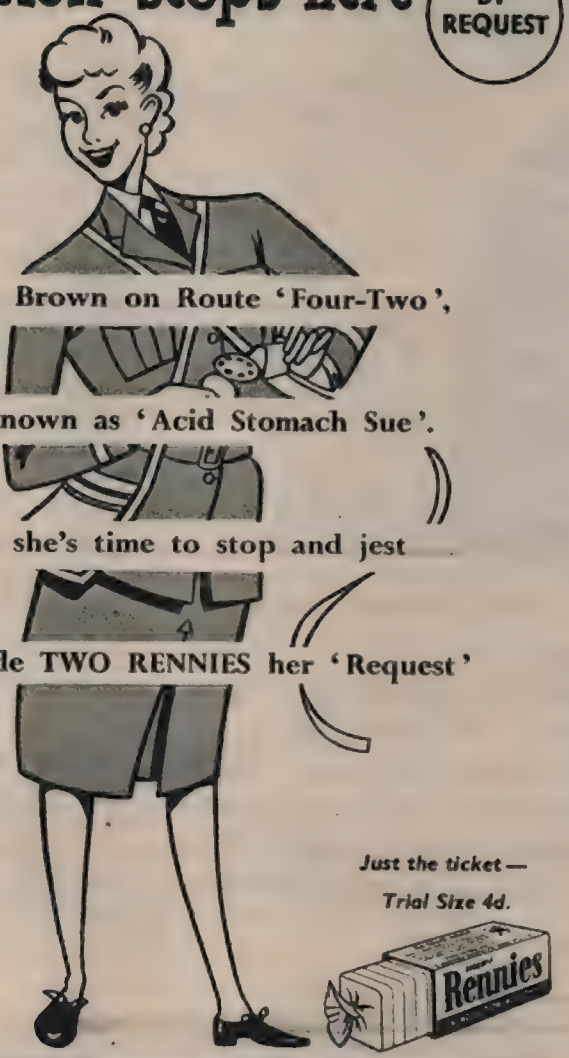
Active Chlorophyll Kolynos is a smiling success What a 'fresh-feel' your mouth has after using green Kolynos! That's *active* Chlorophyll! That freshness tells you your teeth and every part of your mouth are perfectly clean . . . sweet . . . so much pleasanter all day long. Choose green Kolynos with Chlorophyll for four-fold mouth-care:—(1) It keeps your breath fresh. (2) It fights off gum troubles. (3) It checks teeth-destroying bacilli. (4) It cleans teeth *whiter*.

FOR **CHLOROPHYLL** FRESHNESS

GET GREEN Kolynos

PRICE 1/10d.

Indigestion stops here BY REQUEST


Clippie Brown on Route 'Four-Two',
Was known as 'Acid Stomach Sue'.
Now she's time to stop and jest
She's made TWO RENNIES her 'Request'
Just the ticket—
Trial Size 4d.
Rennies

Just suck two Rennies slowly, like sweets—and suddenly you'll realise that the pain is gone! If Rennies don't relieve your indigestion, it's high time you saw a doctor. Trial size 4d. Other sizes available everywhere at 2/10d., 1/7d., and 10d.

an average purse of less than £2. Then, seeing he had discovered a boxer who was distinctly out of the ordinary, Solomons became Boon's manager. It was this which led indirectly to his becoming unlicensed.

Boon subsequently took the British lightweight title from Dave Crowley and held it against Billy Danahar. The contest to decide whether Boon should win his Lonsdale belt outright took place on a Saturday afternoon, early in the war, before a restricted crowd of five thousand at Harringay.

Boon had prepared the way for Crowley's defeat when Crowley slipped and injured his ankle. He was counted out squatting, unable to rise, in the seventh round. The referee held up Boon's hand and the crowd applauded.

Boxer Burst Into Tears

Expecting the senior steward of the Board of Control to follow the usual practice of climbing into the ring to clasp the belt round his waist, Boon waited quietly in his corner. Nothing happened. When it became obvious that the steward had no intention of leaving his seat, Solomons escorted Boon back to his dressing-room, where he burst immediately into tears.

Solomons was so upset that he returned to the ringside and asked in a clearly audible voice: "Where's Boon's belt?" Ringsiders started to repeat it. Soon the whole arena was chanting: "Where's Boon's belt?" Looking as dignified as they could, the stewards left the ringside.

Shortly afterwards, Solomons was summoned before the Board. When the stewards turned down his request that the press be present at the hearing, he resigned on the spot.

Until it was demolished by the first Italian bomb to fall on London, Solomons continued to promote at the Devonshire Club. Later, he became relicensed and acted as matchmaker at the Albert Hall.

It was here that he met Sam Burns, the son of a former welterweight champion, Syd Burns, who went the distance with Carpentier in 1910. A former copy-boy on a sporting newspaper, Burns eventually joined Solomons as his general manager. Many people believe that Burns was partly responsible for Solomons's success as a promoter after the war.

Although there is no other resemblance, Solomons, like Bernard Shaw, has deliberately created a public personality for publicity purposes. "Anything would do," he says in his autobiography, "as long as it gave me a well-publicised reputation."

He decided he would be Lucky Jack Solomons. "All I had to do was to keep my big mouth shut when things went wrong and to tell the world when the breaks came my way."

He Knows How To Spend

His additional nicknames — Jolly Jack, King Solomons, King Sol and Mr. Boxing — show that he has also succeeded in selling himself as a sort of sun which shines on boxing, a boss who can joke with his underlings, and a father to whom they can turn for a fiver in distress.

He cultivates a way of life appropriate to the rôle. "The thing I like about Jack," says a friend, "is that he knows how to spend his money."

Near Regent's Park he has a ten-roomed flat, complete with chiming doorbell and prismatic peep-hole. He runs a chauffeur-driven Bentley. When he travels, he insists on luxury suites, not only for himself but also for his staff. He has four complete dinner suits, three extra jackets and more than thirty lounge suits. Since he recently gave three away, he is light on overcoats, having six only. His countless shirts are all nylon or silk with "JS" monogrammed in red. He has more than two hundred ties—most of them American.

He is believed to have been the first Englishman to wear the dazzling American tie. Certainly, he made the headlines in South Africa by appearing in a tartan dinner-jacket when a tartan dinner-jacket was still something of a rarity. At the Woodcock-Savold fight at the White City, he changed three times during the evening, wearing first a black dinner suit, then a midnight blue, then a white tuxedo and finally the beloved tartan.

It comes as a surprise, therefore, to find that Solomons's private life—if he can be said to have one—is comparatively modest. He drinks little, prefers grilled sole to more exotic dishes, and at home eats nothing but kosher food. Though not a regular synagogue-goer, he attends without fail on the Day of Atonement and the Jewish New Year.

On two nights a week he goes greyhound racing—he has three dogs of his own in training. He also has three yearling horses.

Though he never goes to night clubs, he attends Water-Rat dinners, the Albany Club, the Albany Sports Club, and Saints and Sinners lunches. He is also president of Tottenham Hotspur Supporters Club. On Saturday nights, he takes his wife to the theatre, preferably variety or a murder play.

He rarely has an evening at home. When he does, he reads or watches TV. "Often he's in bed by eight," says his wife, "but he doesn't sleep. He reads, makes out boxing bills or takes calls on the bedside phone."

For Fay, the job of being a promoter's wife is an exacting one. "He has his victories by himself," says Joe Jacobs, the Leicester promoter, "but his defeats he takes home to Fay."

Club For Boxing "Hopes"

Although he never discusses it, friends believe he contributes heavily to a wide range of charities. He also runs a charity of his own in the form of a Sunday morning boxing club for boys of from eight to fourteen. There is no subscription, and the boys are provided with all the necessary kit. A shield is given to the boy who has shown the greatest improvement, and tournaments and outings are organized. The parents administer the club, with Nat Seller standing by for advice.

Solomons also runs two charity shows a year, without charging expenses, one for the Mayor of Southwark's Fund for Crippled Children, the other for the National Playing Fields' Association.

Boxing completely rules his life. Fay has to keep his bag packed at all times and be ready to put on dinner for half a dozen guests at an hour's notice. Engagements for which she has bought a special dress may be cancelled at the last moment, and she must phone the office before taking an afternoon out.

Perhaps her greatest disappointment came last year, when she was looking forward to accompanying her husband to the Royal Command Performance. It happened that Charles Humez, whom Solomons was then considering as a possible opponent for Randolph Turpin, was fighting Gene Hairston that night at the Palais des Sports in Paris. Solomons missed the Command Performance. He flew to Paris.

NEXT WEEK: The Solomons technique for laying on a big fight

THE HUMAN MACHINE

The big little

WE spend too much time and energy worrying about the future. The future is unknown, and we have only one responsibility to the unknown: that is to do our best by the known.

What we are in the future is governed by today's thought and action. If that is satisfactory, everything else follows.

We might well remember that it was he who was faithful in *little* things who was given authority over ten cities.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

A TEST OF OBEDIENCE

Continued from page 13

same sheep turned, and once again the dog was there.

The leader was pointed now at the opening of the hurdles. This was the poised moment, the critical moment. Ambrose was about to whistle but he held the sound on his lips. With one sharp scamper, the dog gathered up the silly sheep and bundled them into the pen. Ambrose triumphantly slammed the gate.

As he turned, the crowd and tents came focusing back into his eyes, and the applause broke on his hearing. He paused for a moment, stupid, and then smiled gravely and raised his crook. He did not look at Bess, obedient at his heels. As he limped towards the tent, he was suddenly aware of how his lame foot was hurting.

From the loudspeaker: "Mr. Ambrose Todd, of Ricks Farm, and Bess, completed the course in twenty-two minutes and thirty seconds. Score, 102 points out of a possible 110."

The applause increased, but Ambrose paid no attention to it. Standing to one side of the tent was his grandson, and the girl fidgeting excitedly behind him.

"Thanks," said the boy simply. "That was great."

"Oh, Grandad," cried Margaret, "Bless you. I would never have believed you had it in you. Two hundred and fifty quid! Maybe more! Do you think we could get more for the dog?"

Old Ambrose ignored her.

He was tapped on the shoulder, and there was Mr. Buxton, grim, with Lil on a lead.

"I won't say I'm satisfied," he said, "but you won her fair in the field. You're a better man than your grandson."

Old Ambrose stared gravely at him.

"Keep your dog, Mr. Buxton," said young Ambrose. "We don't want her."

His grandfather regarded him with gratitude.

"No, but look here, it was a fair bet," protested the farmer. "You won—or your grandfather did for you—and the bitch is yours."

"In all my life, Mr. Buxton," interposed old Ambrose slowly, "I never heard of a shepherd who would gamble his dog. Take her home, Mr. Buxton. And, if you'll take a word from an old man, prize her more highly."

MARGARET was in a fine temper. All the way back to the car, and in it when they had started for home, she raged at them. Great ninnies, throwing away all that money. She knew she had married a fool, but it took today to teach her she had married into a family of fools. The things they could have done with the money! And won fair and square.

As she rampaged on, neither of the men said anything. Old Ambrose, on the back seat with Bess beside him and his crook against his shoulder, was too weary to heed the woman's chatter.

"As for you," she shouted, turning upon him, "you're worse than your stupid grandson! You'd rather have your say, stuck-up high-and-mighty, than two hundred pounds in your pocket. Or rather, my pocket. It's me you've cheated out of it, do you understand?"

Then young Ambrose spoke, staring through the windscreen as he guided the car.

"Shut your mouth," he said.

"What did you say?" she gasped.

"I said shut your mouth. Don't speak to my grandfather like that. From now on, curb your tongue."

She gaped at him. She jerked her arm as though she would get out of the car. She stared at the old man, and then at the young, his chin set forward as he drove the car.

And then she flushed and looked down at her hands.

"I'm sorry, Ambrose, I lost my temper," she meekly answered.

Old Ambrose, silent in the back, made a tiny smile and gazed at Bess. You couldn't exactly say that Bess winked back at him. THE END

"YOUR MUM'S A CROSS-PATCH!"
Let's ask your mum to lend us that frock again, Betty – like last hols. She won't mind!
It was fun, but – but you ask, Valerie
Can Betty and me borrow your black frock to dress up in, Mrs. Forbes? We –
Betty! I told you two to stay in the hall! Don't come worrying us in the sitting-room
LATER...
You beast! Don't you dare say my mummy's an old cross-patch! I hate you!
She is! She is!
I'll take Valerie straight home!
But it's true! I bite the whole family's heads off now. It's this awful tiredness. I never used to be like this
(THINKS) Better see a doctor
AT THE DOCTOR'S
Somehow I always seem to be tired these days, doctor – even after a long night's sleep. And you say there's nothing organically wrong with me?
Certainly not. But, you see, sleep isn't enough. Your nerves, your brain, your whole personality, must have complete relaxation by night. Your rest should really reach down to your subconscious. Only then can you wake truly refreshed... my recommendation is Horlicks at bedtime
AND SO HORLICKS EVERY NIGHT. MRS. FORBES FINDS A NEW RESTFULNESS
NEXT SPRING
Mummy, what can we do in the Pageant?
Well, let's think
TOWN PAGEANT June 4-8
AT THE NEXT PAGEANT COMMITTEE...
They'd love to do it, Vicar. Please let them
TIME IS SHORT BUT...
You look a dream, darling!
...AT THE PAGEANT
What a job to organize it!
I'm told it's the mother of that little girl out front. She must have a wonderful way with children
(THINKS) No tiredness now – thanks to Horlicks!
HORLICKS
RESTORES YOU BY NIGHT

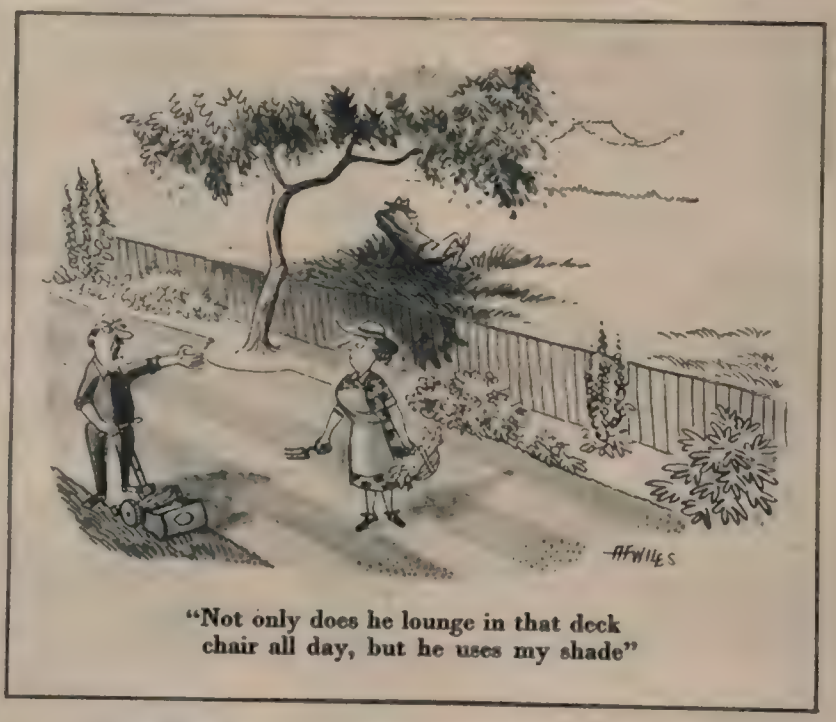
ILFORD FILMS

Scientific knowledge and technical experience built up over nearly three-quarters of a century go into the making of Ilford photographic materials. This is just one of many good reasons for choosing Ilford HP3, FP3 or Selochrome. You can't go wrong with any of these famous films—you'll get a good picture every time.

Roll Film No.	HP3 & FP3	Selochrome
127	2s. 7d.	2s. 5d.
120 & 620	2s. 11d.	2s. 7d.
116 & 616	3s. 0d.	2s. 4d.
*828	*2s. 5d.	—

*Available in FP3 only

for faces & places



"Not only does he lounge in that deck chair all day, but he uses my shade"

IN THE WET

Continued from page 22

to force this voting upon England." She smiled. "On top of that, your governments must choose this time to go and give aeroplanes and crews to the Queen, to make it easy for her to spend more time in the Dominions."

"She's our Queen as well as yours," he said. "If she were to spend her time in each of the countries of the Commonwealth proportionate to its white population, she'd only spend about three months of each year in England. If you included the coloured peoples, you'd be lucky if you saw her for a fortnight." He paused. "As it is, she hasn't been at Tharwa for two years. Australians feel they aren't getting a square deal."

"She knows that, Nigger," Rosemary said quietly. "But she's got difficulties."

"I bet she has," he said thoughtfully. "I wouldn't like her job."

"No," she said. "I sometimes think she's got the beastliest job that any Englishwoman could have." She got up from her chair. "More coffee?"

"Thanks."

They sat down again with their cups of coffee. "You know an awful lot about voting," he said. "Where did you get it all from?"

"Just bits of information that one picks up and remembers," she said. "I did History at Oxford. I was at Somerville."

"Did you get this job from there?" he asked.

"Not quite," she said. "I did a course of shorthand-typing and then got a job in the Foreign Office. I was there two years, and then I heard there was a vacancy in the Secretaries' Office, and I went to see Miss Porson, and I got it."

His guess had not been very far from the mark; she would be about twenty-seven. He asked, "Is your home in London?"

She shook her head. "My father and mother live at Boar's Hill outside Oxford. He's a don at New College."

"Do you sail every weekend in the summer?" he asked.

"Whenever I can get away," she said. "I spend one weekend in every four on duty at the Palace. I get Monday off instead. I generally go home those weekends, and come up on Tuesday morning. I'm usually at Itchenor for the others, in the summer, or else out with Uncle Ted."

"It's dinghy sailing at Itchenor, isn't it?"

She nodded. "I've got an International fourteen-footer down there." She hesitated. "We were very lucky in the crash. We didn't lose quite all our money."

"The 1970 crash?"

She nodded.

"I was a boy, of course—I've only heard about it vaguely. What caused it?"

"I think it was the emigration," she said. "When people began emigrating it was all right at first. But then, when four or five million people had left England, there began to be an empty house in every street, and when that happened houses weren't worth anything any more. Before that, people used to buy their houses—that's the way they saved money. Well, then house property went down to nothing, and that money was all lost." She paused. "Office buildings, too—they weren't worth anything, with empty offices everywhere. It ended in a general financial crash."

He nodded slowly. "I don't think we've had anything like that in Australia," he said.

"I don't think you have. You've been very lucky." She smiled at him. "The funny thing is, I don't think it hurt anyone very much. Everyone was in the same boat, and the houses were still there, and most people's jobs were still there, too." She paused. "How much does a new house cost in Australia?"

"An ordinary, three-bedroomed, weatherboard house costs about four or five thousand pounds."

"Can ordinary people save enough for that, out of what they earn?" she asked.

"I think so," he replied. "I've saved about two thousand pounds since I joined the Air Force."

She stared at him, amazed. "Two thousand pounds! But how much do you get paid?"

"As a wing commander, with allowances, I get about eighteen hundred a year," he said. "That's two thousand seven hundred, in your money."

For a time they sat sipping their coffee in silence, and smoking. "I believe I'm going with the Queen to Canada," she said at last.

"On this next trip—next month?" She nodded. "That'll be fun for you. You'll be going in Sugar, with Jim Dewar."

"It's not quite certain. I'll be glad if it comes off, of course, but it's not in the bag yet. It's got to go before the Queen."

"I shouldn't think there's much for you to worry about," he said. He glanced at her, and as she was looking at the stove he let his gaze dwell for a minute. She was pretty and dignified and thoughtful and efficient and self-effacing; he could not imagine a better member for the Royal party. It was a pity, he thought, that this was going to be Dewar's trip.

Time to go, if he was thinking things like that. He put his cup down, and got to his feet. "I'd better be off," he said. "I've got to get home to Maidenhead, and I don't want to be late."

She got to her feet with him. "Why

don't you come round to Itchenor in your boat one weekend and have a go in my fourteen-footer?" she suggested. "They're good fun to sail."

"I'd like to do that," he replied, and he was suddenly, unreasonably happy. "When are you going to be there?"

"Not this weekend," she said. "I'll be on duty. I'll be going down there to the club next Friday night—Friday of next week."

"We shan't be back from Canada," he said. "We're taking Sugar over on this trial flight. Will you be going down to Itchenor again? I'd like to have a go on your fourteen-footer."

She turned to a calendar on the mantelpiece. "I'll be down there the following weekend," she said. "After that I'll probably have to lay her up, because of going to Canada."

"Can we make a date for that one?" he asked.

"Of course," she said. "Still smoking with the velocity of your flight from Canada!"

"We'll have had a week to cool off," he replied. "We'll have to, because I believe the Queen's coming to inspect the Flight on the Wednesday after we get back."

He moved towards the door. "Thanks a lot for all you've told me, Rosemary."

"Got all you want to know?" she asked.

He nodded. "I think so."

"That's fine," she said, "because I haven't told you anything. Good night, Nigger."

"Good night, Rosemary," he said.

A WEEK later, the Queen's Flight took off from White Waltham for Edmonton upon the training flight arranged. They went in the Canadian Ceres with Dewar and his Canadian crew in control, carrying Group Captain Cox in charge, and with David and his crew of Australians as interested passengers. They took off punctually at ten o'clock G.M.T. and climbed to 50,000 feet in the first hour, leaving the rain and the clouds far below them.

They crossed Greenland from the east coast in the vicinity of Angmagssalik and went on across the Davis Strait to Baffinland. They had a meal as they passed over the north end of Hudson Bay, and here there was no cloud and they looked down with interest at the passing panorama of deserted land.

An hour later they came on the circuit of the aerodrome, well known to Dewar, and put down upon the runway at a quarter to ten, local time, a quarter of an hour earlier than their time of take-off from White Waltham.

This was the first Ceres that had visited Edmonton, and a small crowd of pilots and R.C.A.F. officers gathered around it on the tarmac. No announcement had been made of the flight to the press; they refuelled untroubled by reporters and photographers, and lunched in the R.C.A.F. mess. Then they were in the air again and climbing to 40,000 feet to clear the Rockies. An hour and a half later they put down at the R.C.A.F. aerodrome at Vancouver, and spent the night upon the station there.

They took off for Ottawa after an early lunch and landed four hours later in the dark. Next day was a Saturday and they displayed the aircraft to a large number of Canadian members of the Senate and the House of Commons, now seeing the aeroplane that they had given to the Queen for the first time.

It was a disappointment to David that the Governor-General did not come to see the aircraft. Sir Thomas Forrest was a legendary figure at that time to every man who had served in the Russian war, the field marshal who had come up from the bottom, who had risen from corporal to brigadier in the second war, from major to lieutenant-general in the third. At that time he had been Governor-General of Canada for about two years. David had never met him and he wanted very much to do so, but Tom Forrest was away in Winnipeg.

Mr. Delamain, the Prime Minister, entertained the officers to lunch at his

Advertisers Announcement

Reporting on Beauty

America's latest way to whiten teeth really works

says Barbara North

AMERICA has sent us a new tooth whitener—the discovery of a New York scientist—which goes by the name of decyl-carminate. A new toothpaste containing this "magic" ingredient is now in the shops here, so I have been trying it out. I've been hearing of new tooth whiteners for years, and I've got sceptical, so you can imagine my surprise when I found that this one really *does* work and works *fast*.

I was expecting results—if I expected any at all—in about 3 days, but, after the first time I used it, my husband (who is usually much less observant than I'd like him to be!) said he'd never seen my teeth so white and shining.

Dentists Approve

I GAVE a tube to a chemist for analysis, and also asked my dentist for his confidential report. The chemist's analysis revealed a paste of tip-top quality, and the dentist informed me that many of his colleagues gave it their blessing, and that he himself had already been recommending it to his patients for several months.

Half As Much

A TUBE of this toothpaste, costing only the same as ordinary toothpaste, lasts just twice as long. The makers actually *ask* you to use half as much as usual; and, because of this saving, they have named it "Less Toothpaste." That's the name—"LESS." I found that a blob no bigger than a large pea was ample to get snowy white teeth, stains all gone, a beautifully refreshing feeling in the mouth, and the sweetest of sweet breath.

Ammoniated

AMMONIATED toothpaste, because of its decay-preventing qualities, seems to have gone over in a big way in the U.S.A. So "Less" is ammoniated too. The paste is a very deep pink—almost a burgundy red colour. "Less" is to be found in most shops, but those who haven't yet got it in stock can now easily obtain it.

Or 1/7½d. sent to Lauraine Laboratories Limited, 4 Star Road London, W.14, mentioning *John Bull*, will bring you a tube post free.

Breeze keeps you country-fresh

That sparkle of spring in your skin . . . that day-long feeling of confident, all-over coolness . . . that's what country freshness means, that's what cool green Breeze gives you! With its light freshening fragrance, it's a fine soap, a family soap, a soap they all love using . . .

Breeze is made by Crosfields (CWG) Ltd., distributors of Persil.

Breeze keeps you country-fresh from top to toe

CROSFIELDS (CWG) LTD. 8223-541

RHEUMATISM ATTACKS YOUNG AS WELL AS OLD

MOTHER OF FIVE (38)

Recent photograph of Mrs. Edwards

PENSIONER (72)

Recent photograph of Mr. Gillett

BOTH SAY

Fynnon Salt relieved their rheumatic pain

'I really must tell you . . . the wonderful relief Fynnon Salt gives' *writes 38-year-old Mrs. Hetty Edwards of Stamford Hill.* 'I am the mother of five and cannot afford to be off my feet. I get attacks of Fibrositis and for months have suffered agony . . . but someone recommended Fynnon Salt. Now at the first sign of pain I take it. The results are marvellous.'

Mr. W. H. Gillett, 72, gardener of Headcorn, Kent, shares Mrs. Edwards' enthusiasm for Fynnon. 'I am an old age pensioner, several years ago I suffered with Rheumatism and for a long time I could not get my arm up to shave,' *Mr. Gillett writes.* 'I took to taking your Fynnon Salts and am still taking them, my Rheumatism has disappeared thanks to your Salts. I always recommend them to my friends.'

How Fynnon can help

These stories—two of many—are not surprising, for Fynnon provides a treatment agreeing with modern scientific findings on rheumatism. They show that it occurs most among the over-65's. But they also show that it often starts between 25-45, and doctors agree that the time to stop rheumatism is when the first twinges occur. Fynnon acts as a two-way attack on impurities.

1. It is an effective but gentle laxative, using body fluid filtered through intestinal tissues to rid the system of waste matter.
2. It acts as a diuretic, flushing and clearing the kidneys and reducing the impurities in the blood—approved treatment for many rheumatic conditions.

Take a teaspoonful of Fynnon night or morning, in water or tea. You, too, will find marked relief. *But if you are seriously worried about your condition, don't fail to consult your doctor.*

FYNNON SALT

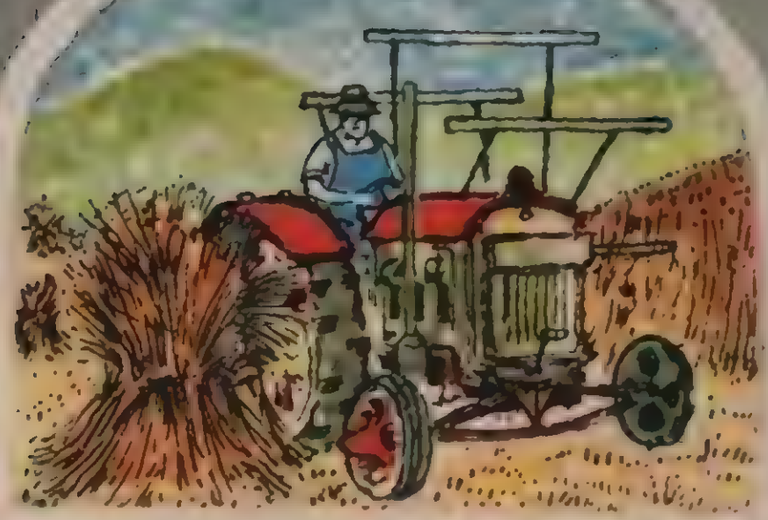
LARGE TIN 2/4½

For the relief of Rheumatism and the kindred complaints of Neuritis Sciatica, Lumbago and Fibrositis

FYNNON LTD, BRENTFORD, MIDDLESEX

The Inside Story

of the best of the light ales



GOOD BEER depends upon good beginnings. That is why the greatest care is taken in the selection and use of the ingredients for Whitbread's Pale Ale.

Light golden malt, produced at the Company's Norfolk maltings from the pick of the finest English barleys, provides the body and substance of this fine ale. The hops which provide a slightly bitter flavour, are grown at Whitbread's own farms at Paddock Wood in the Weald of Kent. Into this mixture is pitched yeast - not strictly an ingredient, but an agent whose magic touch produces a sparkling beer.

Whitbread's bring to the basically simple process of brewing a skill born of generations of experience. Critical control is maintained over the Pale Ale until the moment of delivery; at their many depots they do all their own bottling - ensuring a consistent standard throughout the country.

These are the reasons why the best of the light ales is a

WHITBREAD

WHITBREAD & CO. LTD., BRITANNIA STREET, KINGS CROSS, LONDON, W.C.1

residence. He was a small, vivacious French-Canadian from Quebec who had worked his way up from the bottom to a commanding position in the lumber industry by the time he was forty-five, and had then turned to politics.

After lunch, the Prime Minister said: "Mr. McKinnon in London tells me the Queen has had a heavy cold, and that she was looking tired when he saw her last week. I hope when she comes she will take a long rest. She is so energetic—she is always making engagements for herself. But this time she should rest."

"I wish she would rest, sir," said Cox. "She's had a very difficult time recently."

The French-Canadian shot a quick glance at him. "I know that," he said. "Perhaps one day she will be able to come here and spend a long, long time with us."

The Ceres took off at four o'clock next morning for the flight home. The sun rose an hour and a half later as they passed above the Straits of Belle Isle between Newfoundland and Labrador and started on the Atlantic crossing; flying against the sun, they took five hours on the trip from Ottawa to White Waltham, and put down at the home aerodrome at two o'clock in the afternoon.

A FEW days later, the Royal inspection of the aircraft took place at White Waltham. Frank Cox had had the two machines drawn up outside the hangar and the crews paraded in front of each aircraft; it was a bright, sunny afternoon. The Royal party arrived in a big Daimler, the Queen and the Prince Consort and the Prince of Wales. Frank Cox went forward and saluted as they got out of the car, and then walked with the Queen as she inspected the parade.

At the end of the inspection she said: "Will you fall the parade out, Group Captain, and introduce the officers to me? Then let each member of the crews go to his own position in his own machine, so that I can see what they have to do."

David was introduced after Dewar, and the Queen shook his hand. She was not tall and she was definitely plump, but she was still beautiful, and clearly interested in the new machines, even excited. She asked how he was enjoying life in England, and he said very much indeed, and she smiled, and said that she expected to see a great deal more of him. Then she passed on to the next officer, and he met the Consort, a grey-haired, handsome, humorous man, who asked him what he got the Air Force Cross for.

"Test flying, at Laverton, sir," said David.

"In general, or anything in particular?"

David hesitated. "I got a thing down after it got broken up a bit," he said.

The Prince of Wales, beside the Consort, spoke up. He was a man of about thirty-five, fair-haired and pleasant, in the uniform of an air vice-marshal. "Was that the Boomerang?"

David said, "Yes, sir."

"I remember that, Father," said the Prince. "The rudder came off in a dive. He landed it without a rudder."

The Consort said: "It must have been a great temptation to bale out."

"Couldn't do that, sir," said David. "It cost about a million pounds."

The Consort laughed. "They didn't give you any of it?"

"No, sir. Not even the grateful thanks of the taxpayer."

"Ah, well, you got the best decoration of the lot."

He passed on to the other officers, and the Prince stayed and chatted for a moment with David. "We met somewhere in the war," he said. "I remember your face."

"At Lingayen, sir. I had No. 147 Squadron of the R.A.A.F. there."

"I remember." They chatted for a time about the war. Then the Prince said: "Is everything working out all right here, in this job?"

"Quite all right, sir."

The Prince went on: "When the Queen goes to Canada next month with my father, Group Captain Cox is going as well. You'll be left in charge here, I suppose."

David said, "Yes, sir."

"If anything should crop up that you don't feel you can handle, while the group captain is away," the Prince said, "you'd better give me a ring, or come and see me."

The pilot blinked a little in surprise. "Very good, sir. Thank you."

THE Royal party went to the Canadian machine, and David got his own crew into Tare in their places. He stood by the fuselage door, waiting; it was over half an hour before the Queen emerged from Sugar. He came to attention and saluted as she crossed to the Australian machine. "I'm afraid this one is exactly the same at the other, Your Majesty."

She smiled. "Never mind. I want to meet your crew. It will make it so much easier to get to Tharwa, now that we have this beautiful aeroplane to go in. How long will it take us, Wing Commander?"

"About nineteen hours' flying time, madam," he said. "Colombo is almost exactly halfway, and we should have to put down there to refuel."

She asked, "Could we go by night?"

"Going eastwards, the time difference makes the night short," he said. "If your time is at your own choice, it would be best to start after dinner, say at about nine o'clock at night. You could go to bed then, and have eight hours' sleep before we reach Colombo at about noon, local time. You could lunch upon the ground then if you want to, and, going on, we should reach Canberra nine hours later, but that would be before dawn of the next day."

She said: "It sounds as if I shall be spending most of the journey in bed in my cabin."

"I should say that that's the best way to take it," he said. "The cabin is very quiet in this aircraft, and I think you would be comfortable."

"I'm sure of it," she said. She turned to the Consort. "Twenty-four hours in bed with no possibility of a box reaching you, and Tharwa at the end of it. It sounds too good to be true."

They passed into the machine laughing together, and David followed with Prince Charles. The Queen spent several minutes in her cabin talking to the stewardess, a girl called Gillian Foster, from Shepparton. Coming out, David heard her say to the girl: "I can hardly wait to spend a night in here."

"We'll do our very best to make you comfortable, madam," the stewardess said.

The inspection over, the party left the machine, but they seemed to be in no hurry to get back to Windsor. The Queen stood with the Consort for a time upon the tarmac, chatting to the officers. To David she said once: "It makes our lovely home at Tharwa seem so close, to get into this magnificent thing and to be there in about twenty hours."

He asked her curiously: "You like Tharwa so much as that, madam? We have no autumn colours like Canada, and no high mountains."

"I know," she said. "That corner of Australia is beautiful in its own way. I am always sorry when it's time to come away from Tharwa."

At last they got into the Daimler and drove off, and even then it seemed to the officers that they were reluctant to go.

David drove back to his flat happier in his job than he had been since he started.

That evening he rang up Rosemary in her flat. She said: "Hallo, Wing Commander. How did your party go off today?"

"It went off very well," he said. "I think they were pleased with everything. They're bonza people. I was really impressed. Rosemary, are you going down to Itchenor this weekend?"

"Yes," she said. "I'm going down on Friday night and staying at the club. Will you be coming over?"

"Yes, I thought I would," he said.

"Fine. I'm racing on Saturday afternoon," she said. "Would you like to crew for me?"

"I'd like to," he replied. He paused. "I brought some steaks back from Ottawa, and some red wine. Will you have dinner with me on Saturday?"

"I might have known you'd do something like that if you went off to Canada. Of course, I'd love to dine with you. How did the flight go?"

"All right," he said. "We got back in one piece. I've got a lot I want to talk to you about."

"We'll be able to talk on Saturday," she said.

HE arrived in Chichester Harbour at about ten that Saturday morning, having sailed from the Isle of Wight at dawn. He dropped sail just inside the entrance to the wide stretch of inland water and motored up the long channel to Itchenor, three miles from the entrance. He saw Rosemary put off in a dinghy from the shore as he drew near the village and scull out into the middle of the stream; he put the clutch out and she came on board and streamed her dinghy astern. "There's a yellow mooring a few hundred yards upstream," she said. "You can take that one."

She was wearing her yachting clothes, thin shirt, shorts and blue sandshoes; she brushed his arm as they were pulling in the mooring chain together, and he found her proximity disturbing. She helped him to make up the mainsail on the boom and get the vessel into harbour trim. Then she rowed him ashore in her dinghy, and so began a very happy day.

They raced that afternoon with eleven or twelve other boats of the same class, twice round a long course that took them practically down to the harbour entrance. They came in fourth, and went ashore for tea and gossip with some of her friends; then they took the sails off the boat and

LIFE WITH FATHER

MY father worshipped the sun. He spent long summer days sunbathing in a field, surrounded by an assortment of objects—pipe, tobacco, matches, scripts, pencils, pad, and a towel to cover himself if anybody came in sight.

Visitors, often famous people, were entertained in his lair, their arrival being signalled from the house by the ringing of an old ship's bell. Father would invite them to shed as much of their clothing as modesty permitted.

In those days we used to keep bees in a hive adjacent to the house; Father always extolled the therapeutic virtues of honey, though his feelings for bees certainly changed. It happened that, on a certain hot afternoon in July, a well-known star and his leading lady called.

Half an hour later, I heard shrieks. Father's bees had broken up the conference. They swarmed angrily overhead as the stars sprinted across the lawn, clutching brief draperies.

In common with many actors, my father was hypersensitive, introspective and sometimes temperamental, but my mother understood him. She navigated him gently and tactfully, coping with every eventuality, from cut fingers to persistent blondes.

The rôle of a father appealed to him, but children, unless they were smelling sweet and behaving themselves, were not likely to be received favourably.

His bedtime stories were fascinating, but he had one maddening habit—he fell asleep at a critical point in the story.

Sun-worship was part of Father's preoccupation with his health. He was an inveterate pill swallower, never travelling without a portable medicine chest as part of his luggage. It contained iron tonics, vitamin pills, tonic wine, digestive tablets, sleeping-draught.

In an attempt to break him of the habit, Mother once left the chest behind on one of our journeys, but the omission was spotted the moment Father arrived at Baltimore. He was furious, and I was sent to the nearest drugstore with a list of the bottles immediately required.

One day, in Hollywood, Father led me, with the air of a conspirator, to the bottom of the garden. From his pocket he produced a revolver, a prop to be

used in a film scene next day. "Don't tell your mother," he said, "but I'm going to try it."

I showed him how to load the blank cartridges. "No good firing it here," he reflected. "She'll be out like a shot. I'll have to think of a way to muffle the sound."

He returned it to his pocket and went off. That night there was a report from his bedroom. Mother and I rushed in. He was kneeling by the bed, smoke curling around him. His hand was under the bedclothes.

Father's theory was that I should be allowed to develop on my own. Once, in the south of France, while Father spent his time sunbathing, I basked in the electric glances of a girl called Andrée. One night Andrée and I took a boat out, but the engine broke down.

At nine o'clock next morning I sneaked into my room in the botel. The adjoining door was open. Father called out: "Where have you been?"

"The boat broke down. We had to paddle fifteen miles."

He burst out laughing. "For fourteen hours I haven't clapped eyes on you, and you tell me this. Really, you disappoint me!"

The war came soon after, and I joined the Navy. He went on an anti-German propaganda mission to Spain and Portugal. On June 1, 1943, he boarded a plane bound for England. It was a regular service for civilian passengers from a neutral country, but the Germans shot it down that day because one of the passengers on board looked like Winston Churchill.

Who was the famous father? For his name—and the complete photograph—turn to page 39

Everything goes with HP

SAUCE

ACID INDIGESTION?

chew a couple of

'MILK of MAGNESIA' (REGD.)

TABLETS

By correcting acidity they give prompt relief from heartburn, flatulence and all other forms of acid indigestion.

*'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets have a pleasant, mild mint flavour and are so convenient to carry with you.

Handy Pocket Packs — 9d. & 1/4½
Family Sizes — 2/9 & 4/9

*'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.

put them away, and rowed out to his little yacht for supper.

"I'll have to get away after breakfast," he told her. "The tide will be making eastwards by eleven o'clock." He hesitated, and then he said, "You wouldn't like to come with me?"

"I've got to be back in Dover Street without fail tomorrow night," she said. "I go to work in the morning."

"We should be ashore at Hamble by six," he said. "I've got the car there. I can run you home."

"That will be nice," she said. "If we're going early, you'd better come and have breakfast at the club."

"All right. When is the Canada trip starting?"

"Wednesday morning of next week—in ten days' time," she said. "She's opening the hydro-electric thing on Thursday." The girl paused. "What's the Ceres like to travel in?"

"She's very comfortable," he told her. "No noise to speak of, and no vibration. The party seemed to like her all right." He poured her out a glass from the bottle of sherry he had bought for her, and a tomato cocktail for himself.

She nodded. "They liked what they saw," she said. "The Queen's been talking about nothing else."

"What did she say?"

The girl laughed. "I wasn't there, of course. I only hear that sort of thing third or fourth hand. Gossip of the servants' hall, David." She raised her glass. "Here's luck to Tare."

"I'd rather not trust to luck." He drank with her. "I'm taking Tare off on a trial next Wednesday. I think we ought to see one of them function in the tropics before taking our sort of passengers about the world."

"Are you going far?" she asked.

"We shall only be away one night," he said. "I'm going down to Gambia, to Bathurst on the west coast of Africa, and spending the night there. Then next day we'll go north eastwards across Africa to Cyprus, turn there without landing, and back to White Waltham. That makes about a nine hours' flight, getting on for the maximum safe operating range."

She said curiously: "Do you feel that you're really travelling, on an enormous flight like that?"

He shook his head. "You're just flying. Usually you can't see the ground because of the cloud layer, and if you can you're ten miles up, so you don't see much. The sky is almost black, and the sun's much brighter."

"Do you get bored sometimes?"

He shook his head. "It's what I like doing. I never get bored."

They went down into the little cabin and began to fry the steaks over the oil stove, with a few potatoes sliced.

Presently, they took their plates and sat down at the little table to eat their meal, one on each side of the cabin. Then, in the warmth and intimacy of the little lamplit room, they sat smoking together.

"The Prince said one thing that I didn't understand," he told her presently. "When they came to see the aeroplanes. He said, if Frank Cox was away and something happened at White Waltham that I couldn't handle, I was to get in touch with him at once." He paused. "What do you think he meant?"

She smiled at him. "Just what he said, Nigger."

"What sort of thing?"

"He didn't tell me."

He laughed. "All right, you win. I suppose I can put two and two together for myself."

"I expect you can," she said. "You won't get far upon that flight from Gambia to Cyprus and White Waltham unless you can do that."

She stayed till about half past nine, and then made off for the shore in her dinghy. David watched her rowing off in the bright moonlight, thinking how well she managed her boat, how well her job.

He went ashore for breakfast with her and helped her with the business of putting her dinghy away for the winter. Then they sailed in Nicolette for Hamble, passing down the long channels of the harbour under sail this time with Rosemary on board as pilot, out through the entrance and straight out to sea over the bar, finally bearing away towards the forts at Spithead at the entrance to the Solent, with a light southerly breeze. All day they sailed together in the close contact of the little yacht, happy together.

They passed into the Hamble River at about five o'clock, and took down sail and put the sail covers on as they motored up the river to the mooring. By a quarter to six they were on shore packing their luggage into the little car. They had a snack meal at the Bugle Inn. While they were eating, David said: "We never saw Judy March in *Red Coral*. What about going to see that before you go to Canada?"

She hesitated. "When could we go? I can't tomorrow night, or Friday. I'm going home this weekend."

"I've got this trial—the Gambia affair." He thought for a moment. "What about Monday week?"

"I should think Monday would be all right," she said thoughtfully. "Will you ring me at the Palace about lunch time? If there's an awful lot of work before we go, I might have to wash it out, David. You'd understand that, wouldn't you?"

"Of course," he said. "I'll ring you lunch time on Monday."

He drove her up to London and deposited her outside her flat in Dover Street, still in her salt-spotted blue jeans and rough blue jersey. She asked him in, but he refused that, thinking that she had to work next day and ought to get to bed. He drove back to Maidenhead in a dream, and thought of nothing else but Rosemary all night.

He cruised alone in the Solent next weekend and found it cold and lonely.

He picked up Rosemary on Monday evening. They dined at the R.A.C. and this time, having no confidential business to discuss, the dinner was a success. They went on to the movies to see Judy March in *Red Coral*, and sat very close together for two hours.

Coming out, he said: "You don't have to go home yet, do you? Let's go to the Dorchester and dance." So they went up to the Dorchester and danced together for the first time, and enjoyed it, and laughed a great deal, till the orchestra played "God Save the Queen" and woke them to the realization that it was two in the morning.

He drove her back to Dover Street in

NANCY AND THE ASSASSIN

An exciting new story by MARK DERBY

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

"It seems to me he could have caught the murderer without that sordid carrying on with that blonde"

his small car and parked outside the entrance to her flat; for a time they sat talking in the car, reluctant to break it up. "I have enjoyed this evening, David," she said. "It's been fun, every minute of it. It was sweet of you to take me."

"Pity it's going to be some time before we can do another," he said. "How long is the Queen staying over in Canada?"

"About a month," she said. "I don't know the exact date when we come back, but it's before December the twentieth, anyway, because her appointments start again here then. It's not so long."

"I'll probably be in Singapore or in Nairobi," he said gloomily. "Charles will want to go and shoot an elephant or something."

She laughed. "He's got to stay at home and hold the fort," she said. "He's not allowed to go away."

"Will you have dinner with me when you get back?" he asked. "The first free night, and tell me all about it?"

"I'll have dinner with you, Nigger," she said, "but I don't suppose I'll tell you all about it. I never met such a nosey man as you are."

"I don't mean what the Queen did," he said. "I mean, what you did."

"I can tell you that now," she said. "I sat in an office and took letters down for Major Macmahon, and typed them out, and put them on his desk for him to sign. Eight hours a day, when it wasn't ten."

He was very conscious of her close beside him in the little car. "What sort of scent is that you're using?"

"*Bonne Nuit*," she said. "It's French. It means Good Night."

"Fancy!" he said.

She stirred a little and reached for the door. "I'm not going to sit here talking about my scent at three in the morning when I'm going away tomorrow," she said. "You can raise the matter again when I get back if you're still interested."

He got out and walked round the car, and helped her out on to the pavement. They stood together in deserted Dover Street in the pale moonlight. "I'll remember that," he said. "I'll write it down in my little book."

She said: "I expect you'll have more to tell me when I get back than I have to tell you."

"And how," he said. "More than you bargain for."

She laughed a little self-consciously, and moved towards her door, fumbling in her bag for the key. She found it and unlocked the door, and stood for a moment in the doorway.

"Look after yourself, Nigger," she said. "And thanks again for such a lovely evening."

"Thank you for everything," he said quietly. She paused, uncertain, on the threshold for a moment; then she went inside and the door closed behind her.

[Abridged by John Bull]

To be continued next week

THE KEY

Continued from page 8

knew how much Sistrovic must be suffering.

An hour later, Sistrovic got up suddenly and crossed the room and thundered on the door of the bedroom into which Brijida had long disappeared. She came out, her hair hanging loosely over the bare shoulders that were soft and shadowed by the candle light as they rose above the low curve of her shift.

"Wine! I need wine!" Sistrovic roared.

"There is no wine."

He raised his fist threateningly. "There is no peasant so poor in this country that he doesn't keep a jar of wine hidden somewhere!"

Brijida made no answer. She went to a floorboard by the fire, lifted it and, reaching under, pulled out an earthenware jar. Sistrovic took it. Brijida watched him. Then her eyes moved to Jan. It might have been some trick of candle- or fire-light but for a moment he fancied she smiled.

She turned back to her room.

Sistrovic sat drinking for a time. Then with a lurch he was on his feet and crossed to Brijida's door, the wine jug in his hand. The door slammed behind him. Jan heard their voices; then the girl laughed and after that there were long silences cut by mutterings and quick bursts of laughter; then more silence.

Jan stood there. The ache in his feet and legs began to spread through his body. He leaned against the wall and sleep began to invade him. Three or four times he went off only to be jerked back as his body slipped and his weight came upon the pinioned left wrist with an excruciating jar. Looking round, he saw in the gloom that a tall stool stood some five feet from him. At first he thought it hopeless to attempt it, but finally by stretching out and holding himself to the wall with his free hand, he managed to get the toe of his right foot under a rung of the stool. Slowly he worked it within reach.

When he eventually sat down, the ease that spread through his body was like a swift drug. There was no sound from Brijida's room. The candle guttered itself away with a last spurt of brightness. Jan slept.

He was awakened by the stool being kicked away from under him. He went down with a crash and his weight was taken by his left wrist with a wrench that almost broke his bones. He pulled himself up. It was bright morning. Sistrovic stood a few feet from him, tightening the belt about his waist. His face was puffed and horrible. As he turned away, his hand went up to his jaw and he swore.

Jan smiled, and conversationally, as though they were two friends on holiday, he said: "It is going to be hot again. Very hot. A beautiful day. It is a pity you won't enjoy it because of your tooth."

Jan broke off as Sistrovic swung towards him, fist raised. Sistrovic, at his silence, dropped his arm and turned towards the door. He sat on the step, his back to Jan.

A little later the doorway of Brijida's room opened quietly. She stood there watching Jan, and he was puzzled by the look on her face. The hostile contempt had gone. A spurt of hope woke in Jan.

Slowly she raised her hand and he saw something bright held in her fingers. He recognized it at once. It was the key to the handcuffs. He remembered the laughing and talking from her room, and the long silences. . . .

Sistrovic turned and saw her, but her face had changed and the key was gone, cupped in her palm. She crossed the room and went out.

Jan waited and his hope faded. How could she get the key to him? Sistrovic would never let her come within reaching distance of him. Through the window he saw her feeding the hens. Then she disappeared. He waited. The minutes dragged by. Sistrovic groaned and cursed, his back to Jan. Suddenly

Go holiday making or go out for the day — the easy way — by train! Go directly, happily and in comfort. You arrive sooner and fresher, you return quickly when you will. Go for only 1¾d. a mile—you can get cheap day tickets at far less to many places. What a blessing it is to know you go so surely and smoothly when you

go by TRAIN

your local station will be glad to help

IT'S QUICK, COMFORTABLE, CONVENIENT

Brijida's face rose above the sill of the open window. Jan glanced at Sistrovic. His back was to them. He nodded to the girl. She reached her arm in through the window bars, holding out the key to Jan. Sistrovic had only to turn his head and look back into the room and he would see her plainly. She was taking a tremendous risk. Slowly Jan moved as far as he could towards the window and reached out his hand to hers. But strain as they both did, there was a gap of a foot between them. He shook his head despairingly and she disappeared.

At the door Sistrovic stirred, glanced back into the room and then lit a cigarette, grunting in pain.

Brijida appeared at the window again. This time, as she stretched her arm in, her hand held a small branch about eighteen inches long, one end of which was thrust through the hole in the key. Her face was tense as she moved her arm in slowly. Sistrovic stirred, swore angrily to himself and began to rise. Jan reached for the key, but the branch trembled in Brijida's nervous hand. The key slipped from the end and fell to the ground.

Sistrovic turned round, frowning.

Brijida had gone like a flash from the window. Jan shuffled his feet and hit his left wrist against the cuff on the post.

"My hand's going to sleep."

Sistrovic made no answer, but walked to the table by the fire and helped himself to a drink of water from a jug that stood on it. He went back to the door and settled himself.

Jan saw that the key had fallen and wedged itself into a crack of the floor boards, just out of his reach. He stood there, his mind heavy with despair. Sistrovic would never give her a chance to come close enough to his prisoner to pick up the key. Brijida's sacrifice and courage had been wasted.

THE day wore on and there was no sign of Arto's return. Brijida came into the hut to prepare a rough meal for them. Sistrovic swung round and watched her.

Jan stood there, fatigue spreading across his shoulders and back like the grasp of a great hand, slowly tearing at his muscles. The key was on his mind. If only the girl could get at it. There must be a way. If only there were some way of neutralizing Sistrovic for a few minutes. . . . His mind played with the thought, and then suddenly an idea came to him.

When Sistrovic groaned again, Jan said gently, goading: "Shall I tell you what is happening to that abscess under your tooth? Such a beautiful thing—from a medical point of view. A growing and growing of pus. It will go on until it bursts. But before it bursts it will drive you mad——"

"Each word you shall pay for!" Sistrovic swung round, his eyes blazing.

"But Sistrovic, I want to help. Just think," he suggested softly, "a pair of pincers—the girl will have some—and it would be out."

Jan kept on. He would be silent for a while, then speak. Sistrovic began to hate the sound of his voice. He sat in the doorway, his face running with sweat from the pain and the heat.

"The pain is increasing, Sistrovic? Does it bring a redness before your eyes? Does your head feel as though it were a tyre, and someone was pumping . . . pumping . . . pumping. . . ."

"Quiet, you swine!" Sistrovic was across the room and his fist crashed into Dorac's face, driving him against the wall. Blood flowed from his mouth across his chin, but he was triumphant. . . . It was working. There was still hope.

An hour later, he began again.

"You will go off your head. I have seen men brought into the ward. . . . They were like animals, berserk. . . ."

Sistrovic made no reply. His mind held two things, pain and the desire for Arto's return, but as the one grew, hope of the other faded. It was long past midday now. The damned, stupid oaf had either lost his way or—he shut the thought from his mind.

Small things began to annoy him; a bird that called wearily in the heat from the wood, the crack and whisper of the hut timbers as the sun shifted over them. Every now and again the pain was a sheet of red flame over his eyes.

"You suffer?" The sound of that soft voice was a goad and Sistrovic longed for release from it. "You suffer, my captain? But as it grows dark you will suffer more. At night the body grows weak, the spirit flags. . . . Oh yes, it is a medical fact. It is then it will happen. You will jump to your feet, shout, rave, smash things and your own hand will become your enemy——"

"Shut up!"

But Jan did not shut up.

"Your hand will seize your own revolver. You will shoot yourself."

SISTROVIC moved into the room, revolver drawn, and stood, swaying, some feet from Dorac. His voice came controlled and hard for a man in such pain. His face was a red mass of ugliness, puffed and streaked, and the choleric blue eyes were bloodshot.

"I know what you want, Dorac. You want a chance to get at me. One chance, to have me sitting there while you pull this tooth out. Do you think I'm a fool?"

Jan shrugged his shoulders. "Yes, Sistrovic. You are a fool. I can pull your tooth out with one hand"—he lifted his free right hand—"while you sit on the stool with your revolver pressed against my stomach. What chance does that give me? However, if you prefer the pain. . . ."

Sistrovic turned away from him. He said nothing. It grew dark and Brijida came in from working on a small garden and lit the candle on the table by the fire. She looked neither at Sistrovic nor Dorac. As she began to get supper, Sistrovic sat in the doorway, watching the room, taking what coolness there was in the night air, and there was always Dorac's voice and, over all, the grinding, dagger-pointed probings of pain and the raging fire of tortured nerves in his jaw.

He got up suddenly and moved towards Dorac. He could stand it no longer. "All right, Dorac. It must be done."

Jan nodded, holding down his excitement.

Brijida brought a pair of pincers. Sistrovic took them and waved her back across the room. He pulled up the stool, weighed his revolver in his right hand and sat down.

The pistol muzzle was thrust hard into Jan's side.

"One move—accidental or otherwise—and I shoot." He handed the pincers to Jan and tipped his head back, opening his mouth. Jan could see at once which tooth it was, a great decayed tusk in the lower right jaw.

"Brace your head against the wall. I have no free hand to hold you."

The angry bloodshot eyes stared up at him, unwinking.

Jan knew that everything depended on those eyes, on Sistrovic's ability to bear pain. When he pulled, when the tooth moved out—that was the moment. It was then that Sistrovic would close his eyes, wincing and screwing his face up in pain. In that moment he and the girl must act.

GENTLY, he eased the jaws of the pincers round the tooth. He saw the muscles tighten under the puffy layer of the man's cheek. The great bull neck strained as Sistrovic braced his back against the wall.

Jan gripped hard, pulled back and wrenched sideways with the vigour and dexterity of a horse doctor. The tooth came out like a rotten plug. Sistrovic felt a roaring surge of pain and fiery hell sweep over him. His eyes closed involuntarily as he gasped with agony and his face screwed up against the torture. It was then that Jan twisted sideways and, dropping the pincers, grabbed the gun. He had no time to fumble with one hand and fire it. He smashed it down on Sistrovic's skull. Sistrovic fell forwards and rolled across the floor.

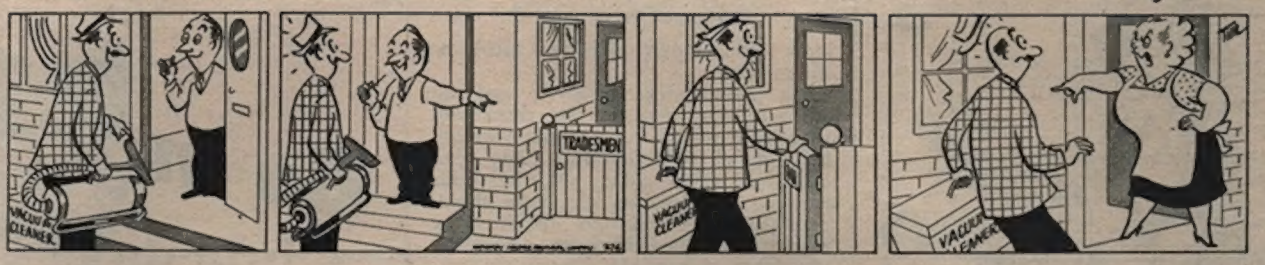
"Quick—the key!"

Brijida leaped forward, swept up the key and was by his side. Her hands fumbled for a moment, and then he was free of the handcuffs. He stepped forward, the revolver ready in his hands.

Sistrovic came swaying up from the

OH, JOHNNY!

by TIM



JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW

When ordering, write your name and full postal address clearly in block letters. Do not send cash unless registered. Cross postal orders or cheques and keep the counterfoils

PRISMATIC BINOCULARS

YOURS FOR 17/6 DEPOSIT
EXCEEDINGLY POWERFUL PRISM BINOCULAR. The "Denhill" 8 x 25 Lightweight Model. They are the handiest glass procurable; wide field of view, stereoscopic effect; damp and dust proof; simultaneous screw focusing adjustment and one adjustable eye-piece; jointed bars. English tan leather case with lanyard and slings. Send only 17/6 deposit for immediate delivery. Balance payable after approval: 21/- per month. Deposit returned if not satisfactory. Price £10/19/6 complete. £7,000 Stock Purchase from The Ministry of Supply. A Special Opportunity. Write for List of Prismatic Binoculars by all the most famous makers.
J. A. DAVIS & CO. (Dept. J.B.59), 94-104 Denmark Hill, London, S.E.5

BRAND NEW W.D. TYPE **FOLDING CHAIRS**

As supplied to Councils, Hotels, Churches, Clubs, Homes, etc.
14'6 unvarnished 16'6 varnished
Plus 1/- carriage each chair extra. Scotland 2/-.

BRAND NEW 6 ft. FOLDING TABLES SOLID WOOD TOPS 6' x 2' 3" x 2' 6" high
Recond. Folding Iron Legs. 65'-
Carr. 5/- each. Scotland 5/- each extra.
W.D. TYPE FOLDING TABLES WOODEN LEGS 4' 6" x 2' 3" x 2' 6" high 45'-
Carr. 2/6 ea. Scotland 2/6 ea. extra. Cash with order.
SQUIRES & MORTON (J.B.3)
8 Malden Road, London, N.W.5. GUL 5725

EXTRA LARGE ALL WOOL **TRAVEL RUGS**

Formerly 3 gns
NOW Half Price 28'6
Extra large, luxurious, all wool rugs, approx. 6 ft. x 3 ft. plus 4½ in. hand-made fringe. Attractive overchecks in Brown, Green or Navy. (Second choice please.) Ideal as spare blankets, car rugs, school rugs, invalid rugs. (Post & pack., one or more, 1/6)
J. MURFITTS, 3-15 Norland Rd., London, W.11

Enormous Price Reductions!

LONDON'S BEDDING SENSATION £5.19.6
Carr. and packing London area 7/6, 100 miles 12/6, 200 miles 17/6
Complete 3 ft. 6 in. Interior Sprung Divan Bed
Complete 3 ft. Divan Bed £6.12.6. 4 ft. 6 in. £9.10.0
Oak headboards to match, 2 ft. 6 in. 27/6; 3 ft. 30/-; 4 ft. 6 in. 37/6
Superb, latest design metal spring base, beautifully shaped legs with a sumptuous Interior Sprung Mattress. Guaranteed 5 years. This complete luxurious divan bed is offered at only £5.19.6 complete.
Oak headboard if required 27/6.
Interior Sprung Mattresses Sold Separately
2 ft. 6 in. £3.19.6; 3 ft. £4.9.6; 4 ft. 6 in. £5.7.6
STRAND SURPLUS SUPPLIES CO., (Dept. J.B.) 67 Dulwich Road, London, S.E.24

A REAL MAN'S **SPORTS COAT**

11/4 DEPOSIT 11/8 MONTHLY
3-button front, plain back. 2 flapped side pockets. Inside and outside breast pockets, ticket pocket. Lined Art. Silk. Selected Tweeds in Blue, Brown, Grey, Fawn or Lovat. Chests 34" to 42". Price £4.11.8
Carriage and Packing 1/- extra. 5% Discount for Cash
Send for FREE 180-page General Catalogue
J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

GLENMOOR **Carpeting** CUTS COSTS BY **70%**

EXAMPLE ROOM 10'x 9' 1'- Send for Samples (refundable)
Grade 1 £9.16.8. Grade 2 £6.12.10
For fitted carpets, runners, surrounds, squares, slipmats, etc.

Width	18"	27"	36"	54"
Grade 1	9/11	14/11	19/11	29/6
Grade 2	7/-	9/11	13/11	19/11

Price per yard, carriage free.

Modern hair and wool felted carpeting. Soft and luxurious to the feet, pleasing to the eye, it will last and wear well. Resilient, non-slip, sprayed rubber base, which is moth and damp resisting. Needs no stitching and no underfelt. Will not fray. Grade 1, Granted GOOD HOUSEKEEPING SEAL OF GUARANTEE.
COLOURS: Green, Beige, Brown, Red, Blue, Rust, Rose Pink, Grey. Also 3 delightful new shades: Mottle Green, Mottle Blue, Mottle Cherry.
PINDI STORES (Dept. J.B.9), 373 & 375 Uxbridge Road, Acton, W.3
FRY & COWELL (Pindisports) LTD. or 54 Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.4

SHEDS from £10.6s. or 30s. deposit

GARAGES from £41.9s. or £4 deposit
Precision Made
Easy to Erect
Fully Guaranteed
Wide Selection
Delivered Free
Also Chalets, Offices
SEND FOR CATALOGUE
★ Simple Payment Plan over 12 or 18 months. Low Deposit — Lowest Terms Yet Offered. Free Fire Insurance.
BOSS & ROGERS LTD
Dept. JB6, Hazes Rd., AMERSHAM, BUCKS.
Open Sats. 9-5, Suns. 10-1

We pay 1'- per lb.
FOR OLD KNITTED WOOLLEN GARMENTS, CARDIGANS, JUMPERS, SCARVES, ETC. WHITE KNITTED WOOLLEN BABY CLOTHES, AND OLD WHITE WOOLLEN BLANKETS. MEN'S WOOLLEN UNDERWEAR.
We cannot accept other than knitted goods.
If it's wool, machine or hand-knitted, post parcel to:
H. E. B. VINCENT Ltd.
DEPT. J.B.
3A SCARISBRICK NEW ROAD, SOUTHPORT
Postage refunded

CYCLES! at reduced prices on EASIER PAYMENT TERMS

Catalogue FREE send today
J.G. GRAVES Ltd. Sheffield

floor. But when he was on his feet, he steadied. He stood there, facing the two. There was no fear on his face, only a vicious animal cunning.

Jan—aware vividly of Brijida at his side—was pitiless towards one who had no pity. He raised the revolver and fired. There was an empty click. He fired again and the hammer clicked uselessly.

Sistrovic laughed, a low burble of ugly sound, and he shook his head so that blood running from his mouth sprayed the floor.

"Poor Dorac. Did you think I would sit there with a loaded revolver and give you the chance you wanted? You were wrong. I'm no fool." He dropped his hand to his pocket and pulled out another revolver. "See, I have Arto's revolver. If I had to stay here with you, with your friends around, I had to be well armed. And you—" he swung the revolver towards Brijida "—you, with your pretty little act of hating the great Dorac. Do you think I forget names? Do you think I do not know that Lubitz Cernov, your husband, was shot last month for treason? Get the handcuffs, put one on him and the other on yourself. Then toss me the key and we will start walking. Quickly!"

He came a step towards them. The girl drew back.

"Do as he says." Jan's voice was deep with despair as he turned to her. "He will shoot." But as he half-turned towards her, he saw the candle on the table.

"Quickly!" Sistrovic snapped.

BRIJIDA began to move towards the post from which dangled the cuffs. Jan tensed, waiting for her to clear the line of fire. When she was well away from him, he lashed out backwards with his right foot.

There was a crash of falling glass as the bottle holding the candle went over, and then darkness. Jan leaped forward and, as the flame and powder of Sistrovic's first shot seared by him, he felt his hands on the man's neck. They went down together and rolled crashing across the room.

Brijida, backed against the wall, heard only the sound of their fighting breath, the scrape and crash of their bodies. It seemed to go on for an age, a noisy, unfathomable horror in the darkness before her. There was another shot; a long, weary sigh of breath and silence.

Someone stood up in the darkness. A match was struck and hands groped for the candle. Jan stood before her. Behind him Sistrovic lay still on the floor.

Dorac said nothing. He put the candle on the table. He moved to her, put a hand gently on her shoulder. For a moment she looked at him. Then they turned towards the door. They went out together. THE END

LIFE WITH FATHER

Here is the missing person from the photograph on page 35—the late Leslie Howard with his son Ronald.

WIN £500 and ALL TH . . .

IRRESISTIBLE . . . spellbinding . . . breathtaking . . . lovely . . . majestic . . . amazing . . . enchanting—these are just some of the words used to describe the beauties of Switzerland by the seventy-six readers who have already been JOHN BULL's guests amongst the Alps.

A £100 Swiss holiday for two accompanies the £500 you can win this week for a *Bullet* entered on your coupon below.

Enjoy ten minutes with the latest winners on this page—then the fun of getting your entry ready to post by MONDAY, June 29. And why not enclose a Crossword entry for that £100 plus £25 seaside holiday also offered this week?

"BULLETS" and XWORD AWARDS VALUE OVER

£1,000

headed by "Bullets"

£500 CASH PLUS £100 HOLIDAY for TWO in SWITZERLAND

Added to £900 cash First Prize is JOHN BULL's invitation to enjoy, this summer or next, a £100 Holiday Trip for Two to lovely Switzerland, staying at any Alpine resort of your choice. Arrangements by Cooks include comfortable travel (by B.E.A. if you wish), good hotel accommodation, sightseeing excursions—everything for a perfect holiday! (Cash offer in lieu if winner unable to take trip.)

£50, £25, £10, £9, £8, £7, £6, 2 of £5, 10 of £2.10s.

50 "Bullets" Season Tickets

1,500 "Use-as-you-choose" Awards

"3 LUXURY MEALS" BONUS

Whole Roast Chicken, Ham and Tongue (all tinned) accompany each of the 20 chief prizes won with *Bullet* which was one of four or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

FINE HOLIDAY OFFER FOR XWORDS!

This Way To Win

FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues below. Then, if you wish to enter our extra Answer to any *one, two or three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

Across Clues — **XWORD 483**

1. This may be used to give some things a longer life of usefulness
2. They would be queer fish if they had no these
4. One's inclined to think of as inadequate for job
8. To get more of these down mines would be wise and far-seeing
9. You expect something from a man who has accepted this
13. They are sometimes better without polish
14. Young man may perhaps find it difficult to keep this when city train is crowded

Down Clues

1. Fanatics regard other people as
3. Bus conductor must get rather tired of these before he's finished his day's work
5. Often the cause of a flutter
6. Mother doesn't usually go for
7. One's apt to get it in the neck
10. During summer drought a lawn often looks better when it is this
11. If this is going there's probably some pollution of air
12. Shrewd, economical housewife will usually have this of jam in store

£100 1st PRIZE CASH PLUS £25 SEASIDE HOLIDAY

(If prize shared, £25 Holiday Cash similarly divided)

AWARDS VALUE £25

among 1st Runners-up and up to 25 SURPRISE PARCELS

continuing 20 extras to help £2 your border—one Parcel with each Runner-up Award value £1 or over.

Up to 500 "SIGNPOST" PRIZES —one for each 2nd Runner-up

XWORD 838 RESULT

WINNING WORDS, ACROSS: 1, Pouch. 5, Tiles. 6, Fell. 9, Vivid. 13, Zest. 14, Din. 15, Nut. DOWN: 2, Coal. 3, Eight. 4, Years. 7, Lively. 8, Draught. 10, Pet. 11, Keys. 12, Bee.

THREE £100 SHARERS (entries differing at one point only from Competitors' Answers above): A. Nash, 64 Bethune Road, Horsham; W. Oakford, 23 Greenfield Drive, Coalville, Leicester; Miss S. M. Woollard, 29 Woodmere Way, Beckenham. Winners also share £25 Holiday Cash.

For entries differing at two points only, 43 entrants share awards value £35 for 1st Runners-up. Useful "Signpost" Prizes to 2nd Runners-up.

WIN £100 and HOLIDAY with this COUPON

CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
No.		1s.
No.		2s.

(Total fee shown includes entry on Square)

Puzzle and form strictly copyright **843** Closing Postmark MON., JUNE 29

I enclose P.O. value ..... No. .....

Signed .....

Address .....

In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to one Clue will represent two full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.). Square with one extra Answer to two Clues will represent four full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.) and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent eight full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.).

Single Square with 6d. P.O. covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated July 11.

Winner—under of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature indicates agreement to Rules.

HOW TO WIN

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "EXAMPLES"

Job For John
Summer's Magic
Battle For The Ashes
When We Get Old
Inquisitor McCarthy
Take It Easy And
Lucky Man
Unthinkable
A Star
Loud And Long
Punter Dad
Free As The Air
No More
She's Named The Day, So
Disguised
Holiday Snapshot
Came In Useful
Burning With Ambition
Shoddy Stuff
In Our Beauty Contest

Incomplete "Examples" —see instructions

International .....
By The Way He.....
Worse Than .....
.....Is The Works
When To.....
Taught.....A Lesson

NOTE.—You may enclose *Bullets* and Xword entries in same envelope covered by single P.O. for combined entry-fee. Mark envelope "COMBINED," top left-hand corner.

POST ENTRY

"Bullets" 1,891 (or Xword 843), "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

"Bullets Winners" 1,886

FIRST PRIZE, £900 plus Riviera Holiday for Two: A. Ash, 81 Gleneldon Road, Streatham, S.W.16:

In Our Blood

Something Rare—"Bees" Something!

£50: Mrs. H. Aylott, 110 Kenilworth Road, St. Annes-on-Sea: BEAUTY OF BRITAIN—DRINK IN—*Buttercups* UNRATIONED!

£25: D. Wilson, 10 Manse Street, Saltcoats: SKILL OF THE CRAFTSMAN—TODAY—*Which* BUTTON, *When*!

OTHER AWARDS: £10: W. R. Sadler, 29 Quilter Road, Shirley, Southampton: WRECKER OF HOMES—"ARRESTED." By "*Radiography* SQUAD." £9: W. Whitaker, 65 Conway Road, Treorchy: A LITTLE SPARK SOMEWHERE—IN DUNCE, "BELLOWS" *Extinguished*. £8: Mrs. M. R. Ewes, 37 High Street, Wigton: DODGING THE LIGHTS—FOOL—*Read* "TURNED RED." £7: K. Gordon, "Driftwood," St. Osyth, Clacton-on-Sea: A LITTLE SONGSTER SOMEWHERE—SHAMING MY NERVOUS "TWITTERINGS." £6: J. Grant, 30 Grosvenor Place, Bath: DODGING THE BOMBERS—OUR *Street* CRICKETERS. ALSO, £5: G. Bond, 87 Leaton Drive, Southport: READY FOR THE DOCTOR—THREE *Patients* AGO, MAIL! £5: W. B. Watkinson, 113 South Street, Bishop's Stortford: IN A TUMBLEDOWN SHACK—NATIVE—YET MINING *Gold*.

For 120 winners of £2 10s., see "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*, 30 *Bullets* Season Tickets and 1,500 "Good Shot" Prizes have also been posted.

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit; the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. An entry-fee enclose P.O. as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are full rate. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross / & Co., / , write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests (in *Bulletin* and *Gazette*, dated July 18 and in JOHN BULL dated July 25), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

Clue "*Daily Herald*" on Saturday, July 11, for early news of *Bullets* Nos. 1,891 results.)

SEASIDE HOLIDAY OFFER NEXT WEEK!

EXAMPLE |6d.
BULLET
EX. |6d.
B.
EX. |6d.
B.
EX.
B.
EX.
B. } EXTRA TWO FOR 6d.

NOTE BONUS OFFER ABOVE for FULLY COMPLETED COUPON

I agree to Rules and enclose P.O. value..... No.....

1,891 Closing Postmark MON., JUNE 29

Signed .....

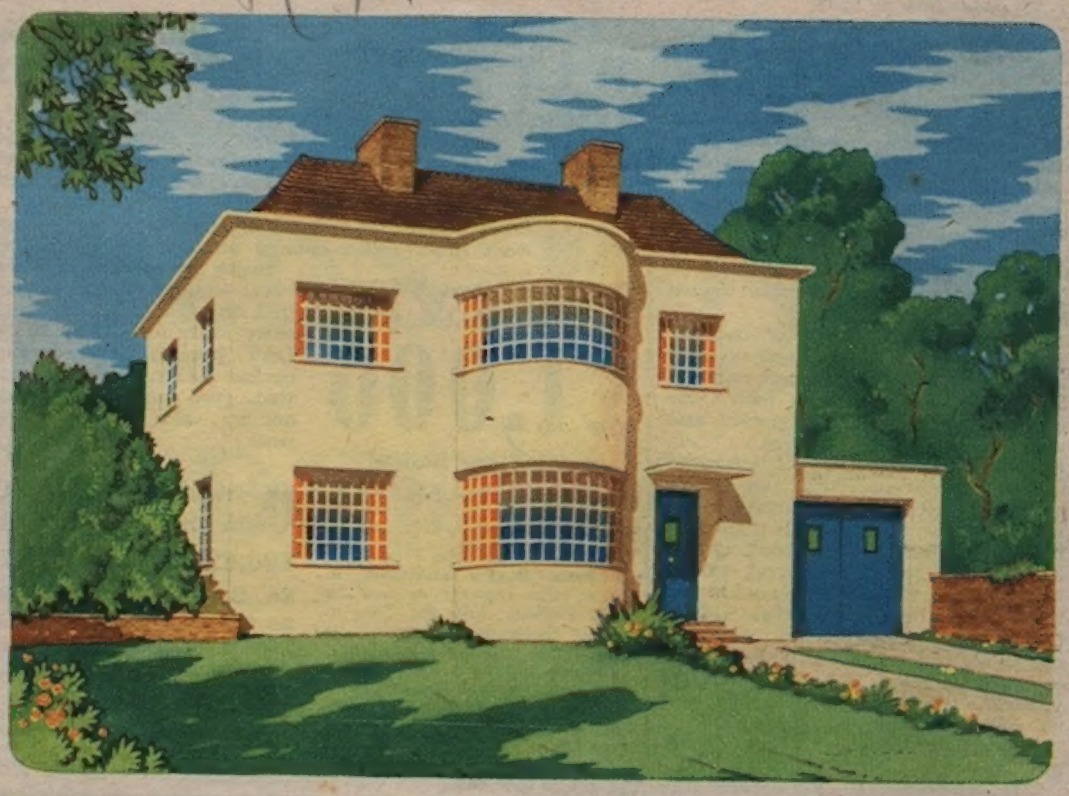
Address .....

MAY WE SEND YOU THIS GUIDE TO SUCCESS? For practical help with *Bullets* and Crosswords, stick 2½d. stamp on right—this brings you *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated July 11. **704**

STICK 2½d. STAMP here for "*Bulletin*"

Printed in Great Britain by Odhams (Watford) Ltd., and Published by Odhams Press Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Registered for transmission to Canada (including Newfoundland). Postage on single copies: Inland and Abroad, 1½d.; Canada, 1d. Approval for Australia and New Zealand, Gordon & Gotch Ltd. For South Africa: Central News Agency Ltd. Copyright in Rules: This periodical shall not, without the written consent of the publishers, be lent, resold or hired out except at the full retail price of 6d., or otherwise disposed of in any unauthorised cover, by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

21 Waterloo Rd.



Decorated and protected

When the walls of your house are painted with a weatherproof coating of Snowcem, its appearance is improved out of all recognition. Snowcem does not peel, rub, flake or brush off when applied according to instructions.

Snowcem is available in White, Cream, Deep Cream, Buff, Pink, Silver Grey and Pale Green.

British Cement is the cheapest in the world

SNOWCEM WATERPROOF CEMENT PAINT

decorates and protects at LOW cost

Send for our leaflet which gives full details, including the surfaces suitable for treatment with SNOWCEM.

THE CEMENT MARKETING COMPANY LTD., Portland House, Tothill Street, London, S.W.1.

or: G. & T. EARLE LTD., CEMENT MANUFACTURERS, Hull · THE SOUTH WALES PORTLAND CEMENT & LIME CO. LTD., Penarth, Glam.

A BLUE CIRCLE PRODUCT CMC

H.1053